VOL. CCXII, No. 2767

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THE SPHERE FEBRUARY 21, 1953
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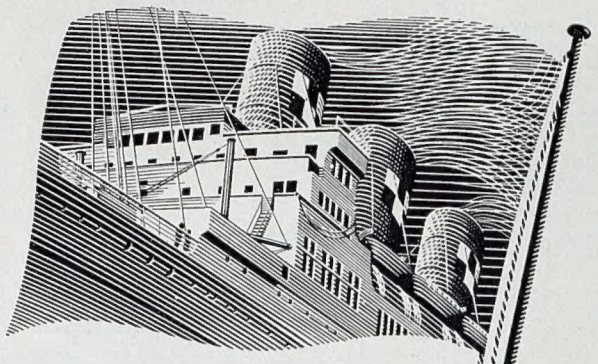

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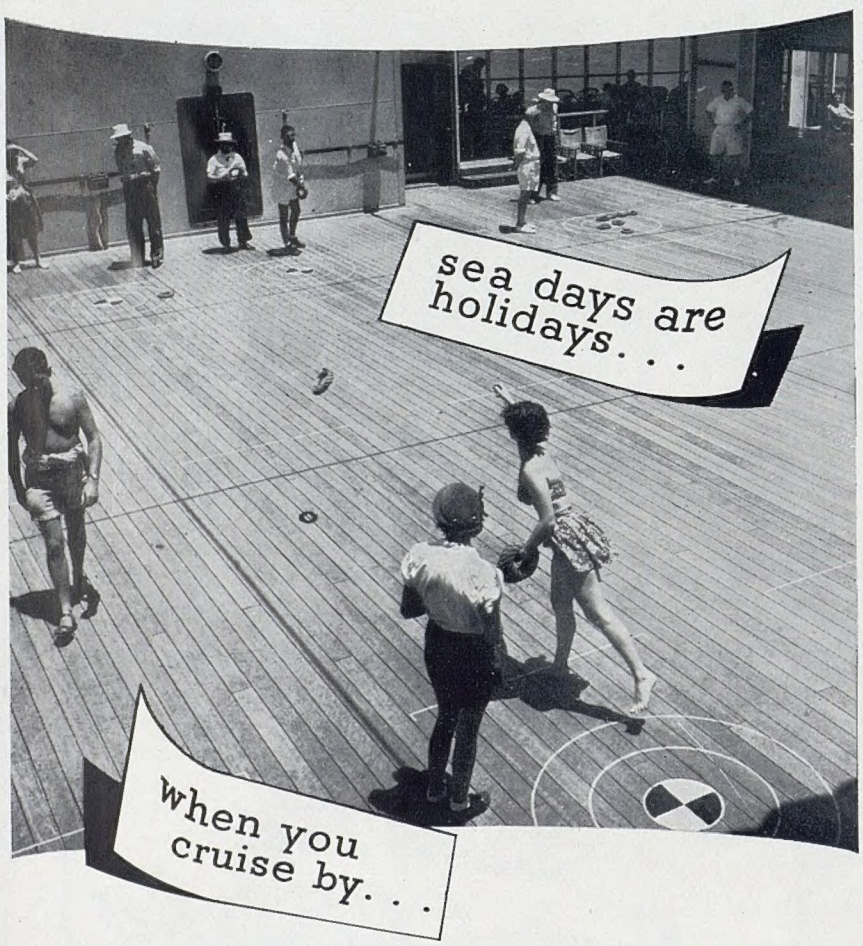

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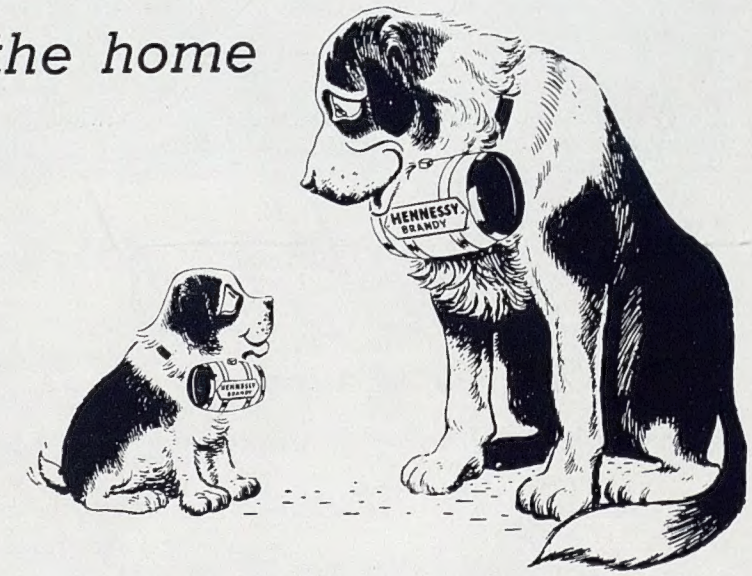

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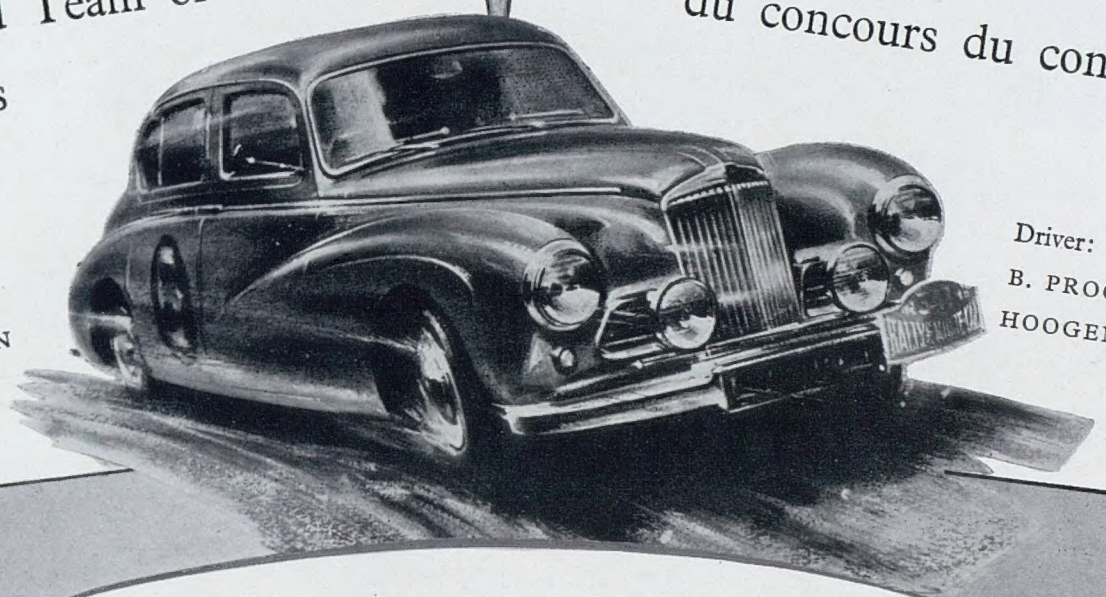

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Volume CCXII No. 2767 The SPHERE, London, February 21, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT ON SUDAN—SIR RALPH STEVENSON, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO EGYPT, AND GENERAL NEGUIB SHAKING HANDS IN CAIRO AFTER SIGNING THE NEW AGREEMENT, WHICH GIVES THE SUDAN THE RIGHT TO SELF-DETERMINATION AND INDEPENDENCE: Sir Ralph and General Neguib expressed the hope that the agreement would inaugurate an era of mutual confidence between Britain and Egypt.

In February 1922 Lord Allenby proclaimed the ending of the British Protectorate in Egypt, and Egypt became an independent kingdom; but the Sudan question was left for later settlement, and it has taken just over thirty years for that settlement to be reached. When Egypt became independent the Egyptians were of the opinion that the Condominium of the Sudan should come under their control, and they had a good case, but Britain did not accede to the demands, being doubtful of Egyptian integrity in the matter, and it became Britain's policy, which was very clearly enunciated by Bevin, to aid the Sudanese along the road to self-determination. Last autumn, when General Neguib's Government took the decisive step of recognising that the Sudanese should have self-determination, the way was prepared for Anglo-Egyptian agreement, and now at last, by a happy compromise, that agreement has been reached and there is no longer a Sudanese question between Britain and Egypt. With that problem on one side, General Neguib has now declared that the next issue is that of the Canal Zone, and he looks forward to the total evacuation of foreign troops from the Nile Valley. At the time of writing, nothing on this issue has transpired from the British side, and it has to be remembered that the problem of the Middle East base is closely linked with world defence issues. General Neguib's wisdom and statesmanship were warmly praised by Mr. Eden in his pronouncement on the Cairo agreement.

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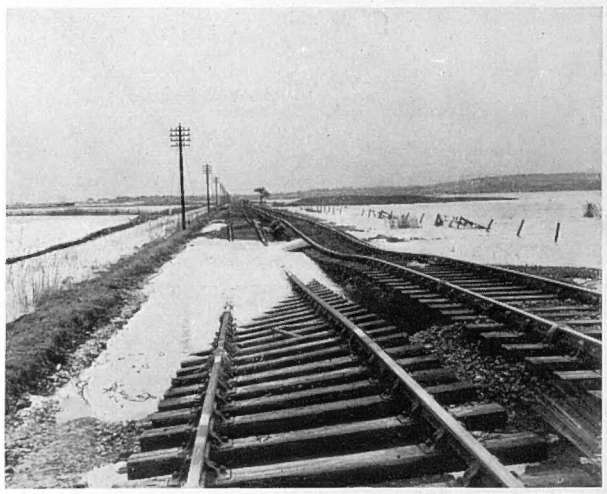
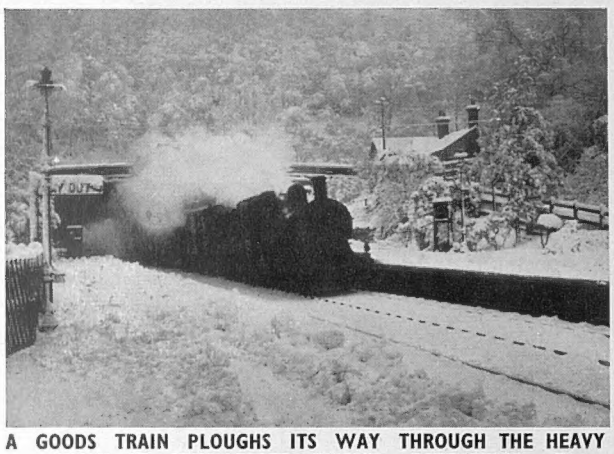
EUROPE IN THE CRUEL GRIP OF AN ICY WINTER



AFTER THE FLOODWATERS HAD PASSED THROUGH THE KENTISH COUNTRYSIDE : The state of the main railway line at Graveney, Kent, which leads to the seaside towns of Herne Bay, Margate and Ramsgate and which has subsided under the floodwaters, the ballast under the sleepers having been washed away by the swirling waters. With last week's high tides more flooding was expected along the Kent coast, particularly between Reculver and Birchington. Further pictures from the flooded areas will be found elsewhere in this issue.

DESOLATION IN THE NETHERLANDS—FLOODWATERS TURN TO ICE IN THE ESTUARY OF THE ESCAUT, SOUTH BEVELAND : By last week-end it had been estimated that the flood damage would exceed £100,000,000. It was also stated that 300,000 acres of agricultural land had been inundated, with the loss of some 50,000 head of cattle and 100,000 fowls. The Dutch Prime Minister, Dr. Drees, said that the dykes along the country's mainland had been seriously affected and that it would be necessary to strengthen them.



A GOODS TRAIN PLOUGHS ITS WAY THROUGH THE HEAVY SNOW AT GRINDLEFORD STATION, DERBYSHIRE : There were scenes similar to this in many parts of England last week when heavy snow showers, accompanied by high winds, spread to most parts of the country, causing widespread dislocation to traffic. Falls of snow were exceptionally heavy in the Peak District of Derbyshire, and motorists were urged to avoid the area. Villages were completely cut off and at places there were snowdrifts of up to 20 ft. deep. Further pictures of snow-covered Britain will be found on pages 278-79 of this issue.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

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A London Newsletter

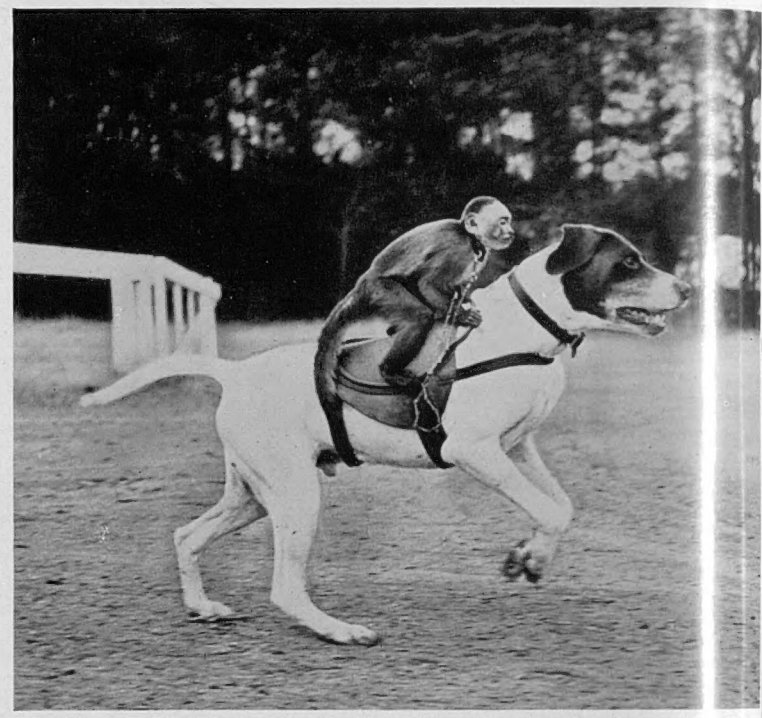
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Formosa.—There is no doubt that recent decisions and rumours affecting Formosa and the Chinese mainland have caused great anxiety here, not only among politicians. All the statements made in Parliament by appropriate Ministers clearly suggest to me that our Government is very sensitive to every hint or pointer that the new Government in the U.S.A. is not sufficiently alive to the importance of previous consultation with her Western Allies before decisions on all questions concerning Korea. Nothing yet announced by the President in this sphere can be seriously objected to by her allies. The U.S.A. has merely ended a state of affairs as regarded Formosa unilaterally created, and by her alone. As for the policy of blockade of the Chinese mainland, our Government is correct in refusing to pay attention to mere rumour. The public, however, always pays attention to rumour, and public anxiety has increased as a result of this last rumour and our Government has now announced in advance its strong objection to any translation of the blockade "rumour" into fact before the most meticulous consultations with all the United Nations have taken place. In all matters concerned with ending the Korean deadlock, America's allies have their hands partially tied by the recognition of how vast a proportion of the burden of resisting Communism in that sphere America is carrying. It was she who organised resistance and has preponderantly sustained it. From a military point of view the decision to withdraw the Seventh Fleet affects us in two ways. While it "guarded" Formosa from actions on the mainland of China, it protected it also, as the gateway to Hong Kong, from actions *from* the mainland of China. We in England are apprehensive lest either American military opinion concerning Korea or American domestic politics should dominate U.N. policy in that sphere, but, above all, we are concerned lest the President should act or make decisions before close consultation with his junior partners in the resistance. It is partly a question of face; for, indeed, the situation in Korea is too obscure for any prophecy on the result of any decision to change policy.

A Bad Half-year for Accidents.—The old Chroniclers, from Stow to Timbs, were wont to allot a good deal of space to disasters of a national kind due to the forces of Nature, to plague and fire, and so on. And it used to be in the technique of prophets, such as Old Moore, to make our flesh creep with forecasts of such visitations ahead. The Chroniclers would have had to devote quite a few lines to the disastrous events of the last few months by land and sea and in the air, from railway disasters and shipwrecks and tragedies of inundation up to what seems to us (due, perhaps, to modern publicity) an ever-increasing toll of human lives in air transportation. Every such disaster reduces, I suppose, the risks of such another. There have already been major efforts to avoid the possibility of the repetition of such a train wreck as that at Harrow-Wealdstone. Lynmouth impressed its lessons, to which attention is being paid; and the wreck of the *Princess Victoria* is under investigation, and will, without doubt, suggest further safeguards, as will the tragic floods on our East Coast. It is, however, true that before these various disasters happened, the British Railways were regarded as up-to-date in matters of safety, and rail travel as far safer than a walk in a town street or a country by-road. And Lynmouth was regarded as a haven of rest for the sick, the aged and the holiday-maker, and the ferry service from Scotland to Northern Ireland as safe and sure as kiss-hands. Indeed, all of these sudden and shocking disasters were the result of coincidents or conditions on the far side of what shrewd men regard as the *reasonably* abnormal. They build their ships, organise their railway lines and safety precautions, site their houses, to be safe against the abnormal in coincidence and conditions up *to a point.* The point is: have they in the past pushed that point far enough beyond the probable, near enough to the possible? And it may seem to the layman that this question may now be due for urgent consideration. Flying grows yearly more common, and so apparently do accidents.

The Slaughter of Trees.—Scotland was luckier than England in the loss of human life as a result of the late terrible visitation. But all accounts reaching me from the area of the Highlands best known to me indicate that the gales have completely changed the face of nature and that in the loss of its national treasure—trees—Scotland has been hard hit and the sound work of years in forestry has been decimated and halted. Mr. Stuart has confirmed this officially, and all efforts must be made to avoid waste of the huge windfall. This was an act of God. In England men have not waited on any action of God to prune or pare or correct luxuriance. For years past the slaughter of the hedgerow trees and the decimation of woodlands for marketable trees has gone on recklessly, and even in woody Sussex the familiar scene has been transformed. We are getting instead the dismal appearance of Flanders. Only the small landowner, not obsessed with mechanised farming, not yet so "broke" as to be unable to resist the high prices offered, has tried to preserve our heritage and glory for a little longer. Many farmers have slaughtered the hedgerows and sacrificed the beneficent shade and shelter for their stock. Greedy and needy landowners, realtors from towns and other shrewd money-makers, have sold off their woods to contractors who often extract the native oak and leave the scrub in ruin, or if re-planting be done, replace with alien conifers the age-old beauty of native hardwoods, of oak and beech and ash. The Minister of Agriculture in the past few years has clearly worked his policy to produce food this year or next; and to speed the plough the barbed-wire fence is more lovely in his eyes and the tree is the natural enemy of the farmer. A committee to advise the Forestry Commission on replacement has urgent work before it. It cannot start too soon. Odd, is it not, how committees breed faster than rabbits!

MONKEY TRICKS ON AN AMERICAN RACECOURSE



RACING AT PINEHURST, NORTH CAROLINA—AN UNUSUAL ANIMAL PARTNERSHIP : Mickey, who tips the scales at slightly less than 6 lb., gets Rex, a 50-lb. pointer, off to a good start on the Pinehurst racetrack. Both these friendly animals are the pets of Del Cameron, head trainer for the Newport Stock Farm stable. Mickey, who hangs on with his semi-prehensile tail as well as his four limbs, developed the habit of riding Rex as the dog ran alongside horses during training, and a special saddle was constructed for his use. The monkey is probably a Capuchin, a species from South America which make delightful pets.

Preservation Gesture.—At last a small concession by way of implementing the Gowers Report on historic houses has been wrung out of the Government and announced by Mr. Eccles. In his statement he used an expression I have often used. He would be sorry to see us turning into a nation of "subsidised museum-keepers." That is true, but it need not happen with historic houses if means can be found to keep our surviving stately homes as living houses. It was their continuity as family homes and centres of social life which made them for so long the cradles of our culture, The Gowers Report listed about 2,000 such houses and estimated that £10,000,000 a year would be needed to save them. Mr. Eccles has promised £250,000. This token may delay the inevitable for a handful of first priority—no more. He went further, in an effort to stop the leakage in two sources of our heritage—historic houses and works of art. He announced a provision in the next Budget to enable the State to accept "chattels" (i.e., important works of art) housed in historic houses in lieu of money for death duties. This is muddled thinking. Although it may help to stop the export of works of art abroad, it is an illogical way of doing it. There is still (as Burlington House now testifies) a wealth of famous pictures in our great houses, but certainly as many more are owned by men who do not own such houses and yet may be hard put to it to live. And the question of valuation remains a thorny problem. Mr. Hiram P. Dollarmaker is likely to offer more than the Exchequer valuer. It may come to this, that the owner of an historic house must sell his finest treasure at a sacrificial price in order to mend the leaks in the roof which are ruining his surviving treasures. However, I suppose Mr. Eccles offers something on the right lines; but too little and perhaps too late.

My Kingdom for a Horse.—I doubt if we are justified to-day in feeling surprise at anything we read in the Press, for any "all-time record" good or bad. But the little "account rendered" sent in by the Aga Khan to the Irish National Stud—"To one horse . . . £250,000"—did afford me mild surprise. Horses are not long-lived animals and I do not know that their performance as sires is even 50 per cent. predictable. But more interesting to me in this news item is the remarkable difference in the virtue of heredity accepted for men and for horses. Some of my contemporaries have passed the best years of their lives in the windows of clubs studying "form" in racing manuals. Sometimes I have felt that they were wasting their time and abilities. But this "little bill" puts a different complexion on it. There must be something in it, and if they didn't die rich, they ought to have died rich. Tulyar has proved a nonpareil, swept the board with the Derby, Leger, Eclipse and other plums; moreover, he has qualities very necessary for great sires, for besides speed, he has remarkable staying power and a very calm temperament. But what a gamble in futures is here revealed! A gamble which no insurance can reduce. What is it that makes heredity in the equine world a mathematical or actuarial calculation—for America would have paid even more for Tulyar—while in the world of men no one would dream of spotting a winner in the infant son of a great statesman, soldier, artist or scientist? Our "Cromwells" have produced more "Tumbledown Dicks" than second Cromwells, and though a great line or strain in the human race may throw out *longo intervallo* a second flowering, as in the Churchill family, it would be rash indeed to gamble in futures in the human race. No clubman has ever sat in the bow window spotting future world-leaders, in the cradle and on form, with family trees as a guide.

It Pays to Idle.—This is the season when the nation's financial pundits explore the avenues for any possibility of economy in State spending. Such possibilities are said to be rare. But I fancy there are still some opportunities if *politics* did not bar any approach to them. In the last weeks several examples have come before me, either cited in the Press or observed on a rural bench, all concerned with fathers of six children who, otherwise healthy, find that they "come over all of a tremble" at the very mention of a job of work. One of these cases will serve as an example: Mr. X. was before the bench for a minor traffic offence. He pleaded guilty and a fine was the obvious penalty. Enquiry into his means revealed that an income of over £10 a week came into his happy home. But it was not earned by the sweat of his brow. He does no regular work, though physically strong enough for some forms of manual labour. His income of £500 a year was made up of £6 6s. 6d. from the National Assistance Board; £2 from children's allowances; £2 from the earnings of elder "dependants." The Justices felt it would be rather Gilbertian to fine the taxpayer for the offence. So they gave him a "conditional discharge" and asked him to be more careful in future. He smilingly left the box and pedalled off, perhaps to the nearest "local." He well knows that this particular avenue of national economy is closed to the explorers by a party political notice: *No Entry*. Are we as a nation *worth saving*?

Outlook for "Young Gentlemen."—The Trades Council of one Sussex town is worried over the prospects of serious unemployment among young men leaving its schools to earn a living in this hard world. Its Youth Employment Committee has reported that nearly all of them want "white collar" jobs. To judge by the numbers employed by Local Authorities, I should not have supposed that saturation point was yet reached in this cultured industry, which is doing very well. Only 15 per cent. will look at agriculture. Building and plumbing, though pretty well paid, are dirty jobs also, and a plumber's apprentice is not to be found in the county. A few of the young gentlemen are dubiously willing to have a stab at carpentry, but I doubt if this line, even if persisted in, will absorb and satisfy more than a small fraction. I don't suppose that Sussex is unique in this tendency to prefer wearing white collars at work. I doubt if "silly Sussex" is sillier than its neighbours. But undoubtedly the greatness of England has depended, and still depends, more on the hands than on the heads of her sons. Brain is good and rare, brawn is better and should be commoner. For a population of 50,000,000 crammed into a little space needs food and houses before it can find work for millions of white-collared young gentlemen to deal with forms for distributing the food and forms for controlling the building of houses. And to judge by the achievements of the white collars over the past decades, I should say that every effort should be made now to direct labour into the collarless camp. The old slogan, "Who was then the gentleman?" might be used again with advantages in the new Elizabethan age.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

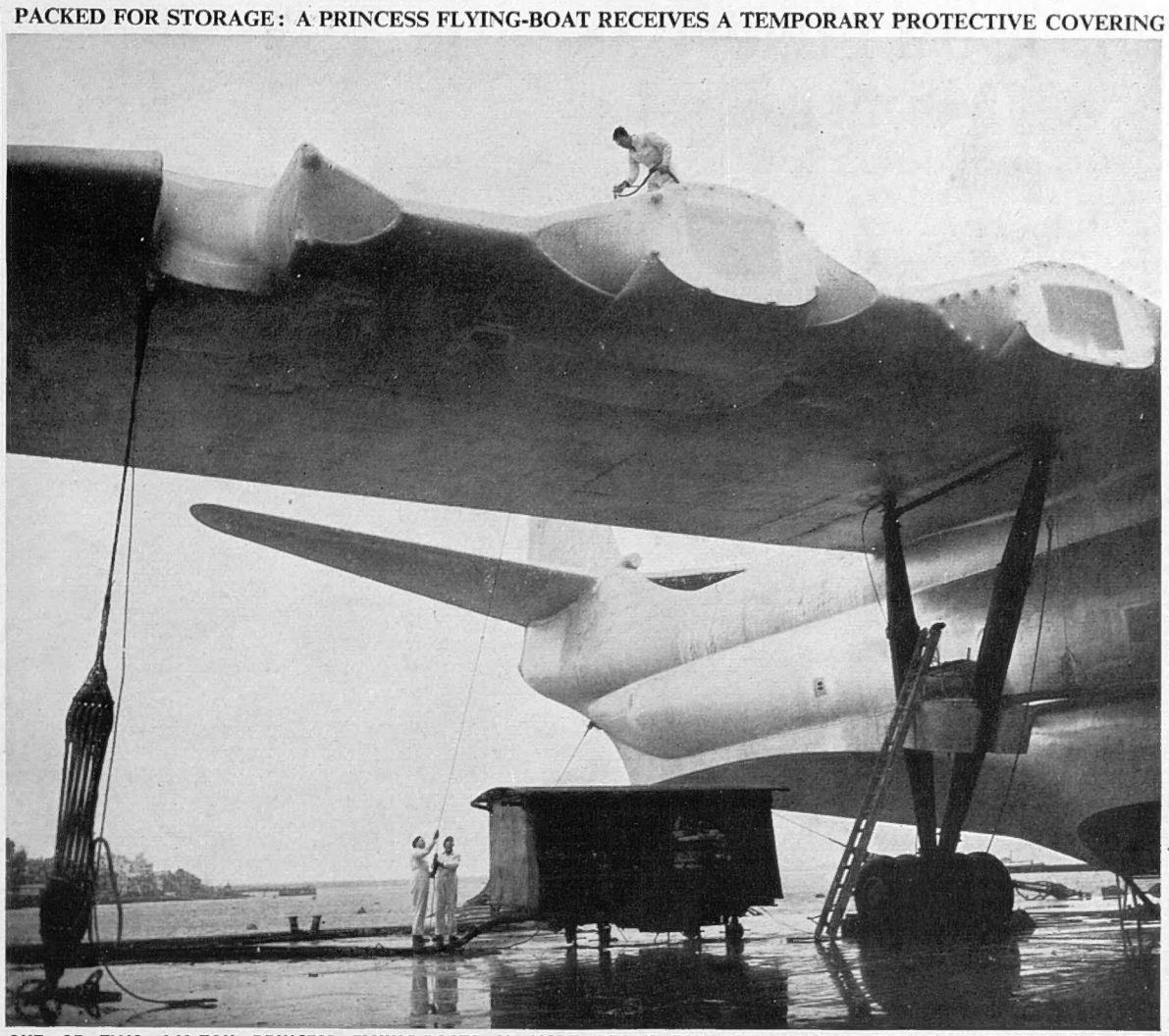
IN ROYAL WINDSOR

The Life of a Town that Revolves Around the Court

By JOHN MAY

With Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price

PACKED FOR STORAGE: A PRINCESS FLYING-BOAT RECEIVES A TEMPORARY PROTECTIVE COVERING



ONE OF TWO 140-TON PRINCESS FLYING-BOATS IS MADE READY FOR SAFE KEEPING WHILE AWAITING THE NEW PROTEUS ENGINES FOR WHICH THEY WERE DESIGNED: One of the charge-hands engaged on the aircraft has a safety line attached to his body as he stands on a wing of one of the flying-boats at Cowes, Isle of Wight, to spray the aircraft with the special plastic protective covering. As soon as the two machines are completely covered they are to be towed six miles to the R.A.F. flying-boat station at Calshot, for temporary storage. Putting the giant planes into "mothballs" has taken 18,000 lb. of desiocant for each aircraft. The approximate weight of the plastic sprayed in position was nine tons, for each of the two Princess flying-boats has a surface area of 25,000 square feet. The future of the Princess flying-boat is at the moment undecided.

B.E.A. NAME THEIR FLAGSHIP AND ANNOUNCE A CONTRACT TO BUY TWELVE VICKERS VISCOUNTS

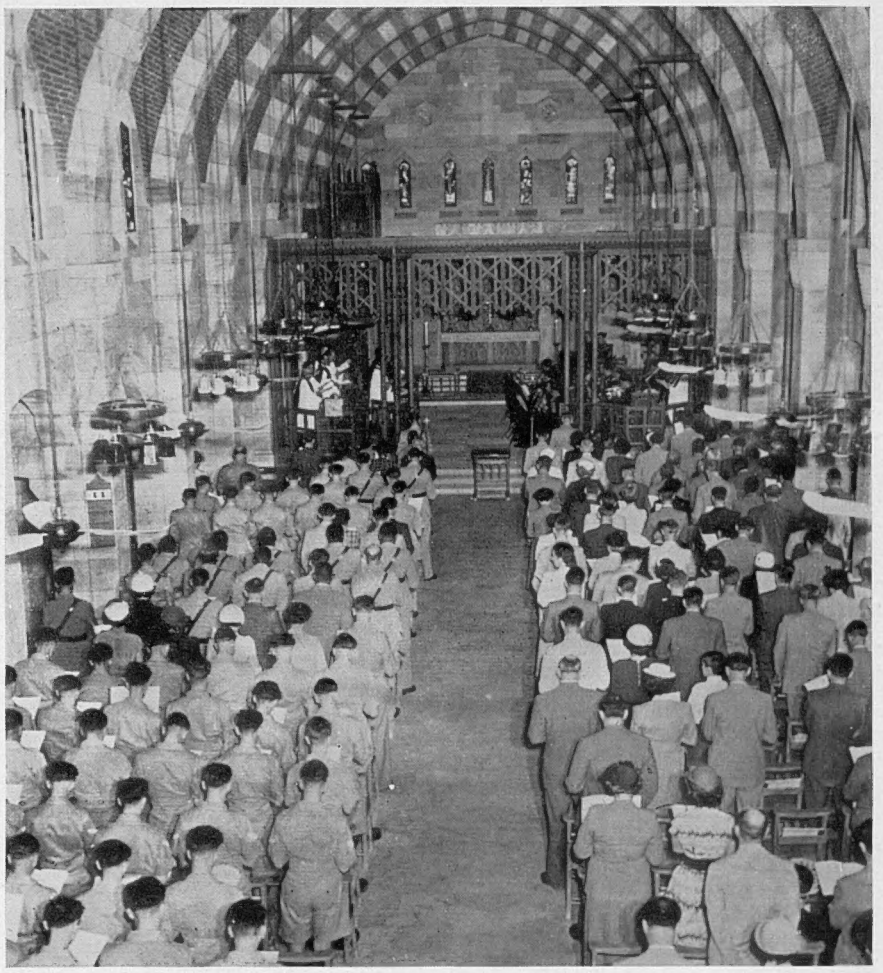
THIS WAS THE SCENE AT WISLEY AIRFIELD, SURREY, AFTER LADY DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE, WIFE OF THE CHAIRMAN OF BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS, NAMED AS "DISCOVERY" THE FLAGSHIP OF THE CORPORATION'S NEW VISCOUNT FLEET: Among those seen in the picture are, from the left—Air Marshal Sir John Boothman (Controller of Supplies—Air), Lieut.-General Sir Ronald Weeks, Lady Weeks, the Rt. Hon. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, P.C., M.P. (Minister of Transport), Lady Douglas, Lord Douglas of Kirtleside (chairman, B.E.A.), Major-General C. A. L. Dunphie (managing director, Engineering and Shipbuilding Division, and acting managing director of Aircraft Division, Vickers-Armstrong), and Lady Dunphie. At the naming ceremony of the flagship of the Corporation's fleet of twenty-six Viscount 701's which are soon to be introduced on its Continental routes, Lady Douglas poured champagne over the nose of the aircraft. On the same day Lord Douglas announced that B.E.A. had arranged to buy twelve new Vickers airliners, at present known as the Viscount 800, each capable of carrying up to eighty-two passengers. The Viscount 800, which will be longer and heavier and have more powerful Rolls-Royce Dart airscrew-turbine engines, each giving 1,540 s.h.p., will be complementary to the current Viscount and will not supersede it. It is hoped that the Viscount 800's will be delivered to B.E.A. in 1955.

NEWS FROM EUROPE AND THE MIDDLE-EAST

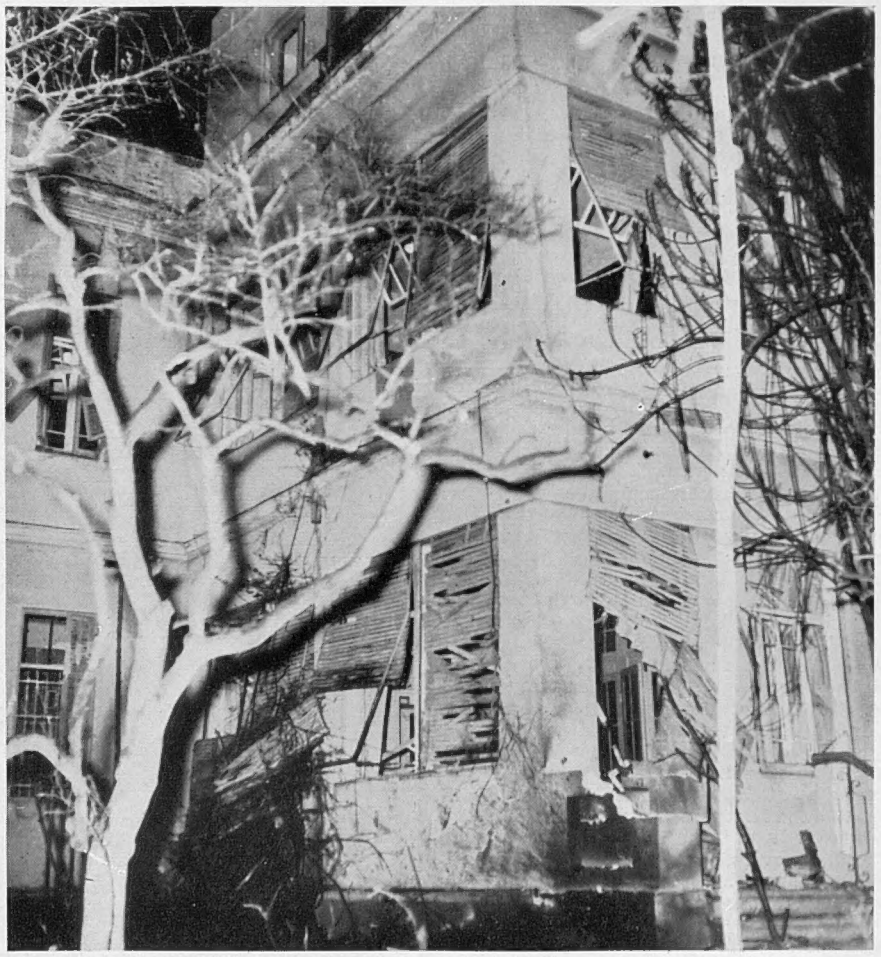
KING BAUDOUIN CAUSES AN UPROAR; HONOURING THE MEMORY OF GENERAL SIR REGINALD WINGATE; THE BOMB OUTRAGE IN ISRAEL; REFUGEES IN WEST BERLIN

THIS IS THE PICTURE WHICH HAS CAUSED AN UPROAR IN BELGIUM : The picture shows King Baudouin of the Belgians with his step-mother, the Princess de Réthy and his father, ex-King Leopold of the Belgians, enjoying themselves in the Riviera sunshine at Antibes. When the picture appeared in the Belgian Press side by side with pictures from the flooded areas of Belgium there was widespread indignation, and as a result of the strong feeling displayed, King Baudouin returned from the Riviera and made a tour of the flood areas. Apparently the King was coldly received at many points on the tour, and shortly afterwards he again left for the Riviera, there to continue his period of convalescence after a bout of influenza. Last week-end the Belgian Prime Minister, M. Jean van Houtte, flew to the French Riviera to see King Baudouin and remained closeted with him for eighty minutes at a hotel in Nice. The attack on the Royal family has been led by the newspaper *Le Peuple*, which has declared that "Madame" de Réthy is exercising an influence at Court to which she has no right and is endangering an appeasement of the Royal question.

REFUGEES FROM THE RUSSIAN ZONE OF GERMANY IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN : This is the Central Registration Office, where the refugees are given shelter in the corridors until arrangements can be made to find permanent accommodation for them. In the first half of February over 13,000 refugees were registered in West Berlin and the Communist police are now reported to have initiated much stricter examination of passengers on all trains moving from East Germany into the capital. It is thought that this is primarily an attempt to check the flow of farmers from the Soviet Zone, about 120 of whom, with their families, seek refuge in the Western Sector every day. These measures have met with some success, for the numbers crossing have declined. Communist police have been ordered to send suspected women and children back home and to arrest the men, who are liable to heavy penalties, especially if they are employees of State factories and possibly in possession of useful military information.



HONOURING THE MEMORY OF A GREAT PROCONSUL : Members of the congregation seen in the Cathedral Church of All Saints, Khartoum, during the service held in memory of the late General Sir Reginald Wingate, who succeeded the first Lord Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and was the first Governor of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Wingate's death has taken place at the age of ninety-one, and at a vital moment in Anglo-Egyptian relations, when the Sudan question, which has so long stood between the two countries, has been settled. As Sirdar of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Wingate set about the social, moral and economic transformation of the country. Slavery was abolished, industry was encouraged, justice was strictly administered and no interference with religious beliefs was tolerated. Later Wingate became High Commissioner for Egypt while retaining the offices of Governor-General of the Sudan and Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. General Wingate retired from the Army in 1922. In 1920 he was created a baronet.



THE BOMB EXPLOSION AT THE SOVIET LEGATION IN ISRAEL : Window shutters have been blasted out on two floors by the force of the explosion, which wrecked the interior of the building at Tel Aviv and injured three of the Legation staff. Several arrests were made the following day by Israeli police. Mr. Ben Gurion, the Prime Minister of Israel, condemning the outrage, said : "The hooligans who committed this wicked crime have shown themselves to be more than haters of a foreign State : they are, in fact, enemies of the State of Israel. If self-styled Jewish patriotism was the motive for their foul deed, and if their purpose was to fight for the honour of Israel, then let me say that it is they themselves who have profaned, by their senseless deed, the honour of Israel." The bomb incident was undoubtedly an expression of the high feeling existing in Israel against the new persecution of Jews in Russia and other Communist countries. Soon after it occurred it was announced that Russia had broken off diplomatic relations with Israel and it was thought likely that satellite countries would follow suit. In New York members of the Western delegations at the United Nations said that the break in diplomatic relations was expected to be followed by a formal Israeli complaint against the anti-Semitism which seems to be so rapidly growing in Russia.

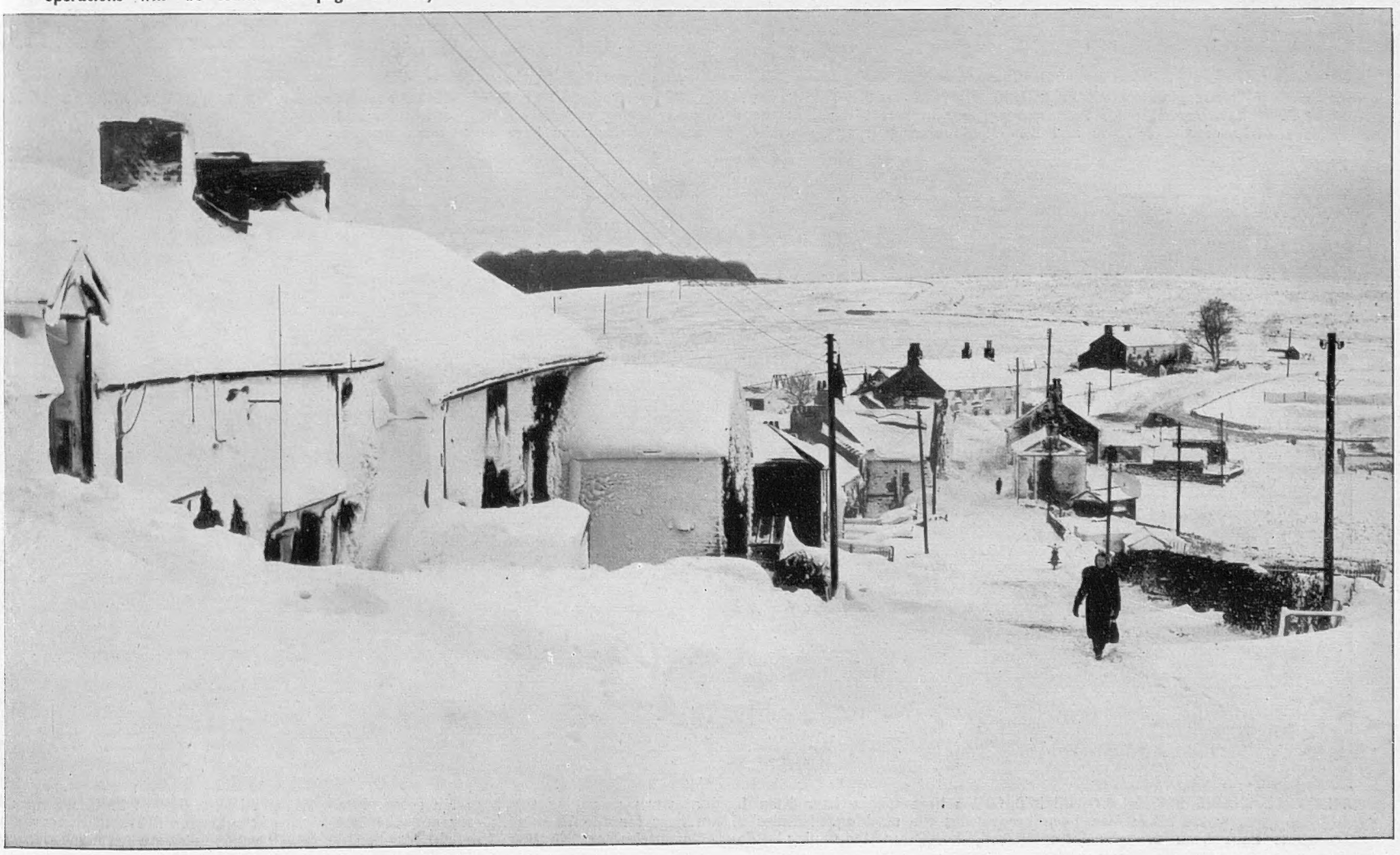
FILLING THE GAP IN THE SEA WALL AT SUTTON-ON-SEA, LINCOLNSHIRE: A bulldozer at work on this stretch of coast, which was so hardly hit by the floods. At one point on the Lincolnshire shore near Sutton the defences were breached over a distance of three miles and about eighty square miles of land were inundated. Last week-end the Lincolnshire defences held secure against the high tides, although here and there the water seeped through. (Pictures of the Canvey defence operations will be found on pages 256-57.)

BLIZZARD and FLOOD

TWO ASPECTS OF THE WILD WINTER WHICH BRITAIN HAS BEEN ENDURING

Below—

THE DERBYSHIRE VILLAGE OF SPARROWPIT, WHERE THE DRIFTS ROSE ALMOST TO THE ROOF-TOPS: A villager walking through the main street with her groceries after the first supplies for some days had reached the village. The blizzards were at their worst in the Derbyshire Peak District, where many villages and hamlets were completely cut off. (Further pictures of the great snowfall will be found on pages 278-79.)



TROOPS WHO HAD HELPED TO BUILD THE WALL STANDING ON ITS SUMMIT AS ZERO HOUR NEARED ON CANVEY ISLAND, WITH THE ADVENT OF MORE ABNORMALLY HIGH TIDES: Last week all the breaches in the Canvey sea walls were sealed, and more than 200 Servicemen kept up a regular patrol of the defences, ready to warn the 760 people still living on the low-lying parts of the island should the tide rise dangerously. The patrols could communicate with one another and with the police through an elaborate network of portable radio transmitters. An air-raid siren on the Canvey fire station was selected as the chief means of giving warning.

A "WALKIE-TALKIE" OPERATOR REPORTING PROGRESS FROM THE SUMMIT OF ONE OF THE CANVEY EMBANKMENTS: These patrols have served more than one purpose in recent days, in the first place giving reports on tidal conditions and the state of the defences and also summoning men and materials to points where they have been most needed.

Last week-end, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh made tours of the flood areas of the East coast and the Thames Estuary, it was known that more than two-thirds of the breached sea defences had been closed and that the battle to close the remainder was going well. Millions of sandbags from all over Europe and the United States were rushed to the scenes of action after the Foreign Office had sent an SOS to France, Belgium, Italy, West Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark and Portugal. Aircraft of Transport Command rushed these bags into Britain. What has been happening at Canvey typifies the battle which has been waged in recent days, with civilians and men of the Services co-operating in a day and night effort to make the island watertight and to build thereafter above the probable level of the spring floods. Mr. C. C. Mavity, the superintending engineer, who has been lent to Canvey by the Admiralty, expressed himself highly satisfied last week at the progress of the work.

How Canvey Prepared for Zero Hour

Building Up the Island's Defences in Preparation for the Abnormal High Tides

A SANDBAG FILLING STATION AT THE RED COW: Here troops have been hard at work preparing the bags for removal to the gaps, where other men have been doing the stacking. Millions of sandbags for the Thames Estuary and the East coast have been brought from abroad, no fewer than nine different countries contributing to Britain's needs.

ON DUTY IN THE CANVEY DANGER ZONE: A sergeant of the London Provost District equipped with "walkie-talkie" when engaged in patrol work.

SAND[illegible] ARE BROUGHT BY FISHING-BOATS TO ONE OF THE VITAL POINTS ALONG THE LINE OF CANVEY ISLAND'S DEFENCES: The sandbags are being unloaded along [illegible] runways and troops are waiting on the breached wall to do the stacking. On Tewkes Dyke, one of the main danger-spots at Canvey, no fewer than 600 [illegible] were working last week, the force having been built up to this figure when 200 men were drafted from an area where satisfactory progress had been achieved. Admiralty engineer in charge of operations at Canvey has not hesitated to switch men from point to point to keep the work of wall-building going steadily.

SANDBAGS PASSING FROM HAND TO HAND: Men of the Royal Air Force seen as they filled a barge before it was towed away to the scene of embankment-building at one of the danger-points.

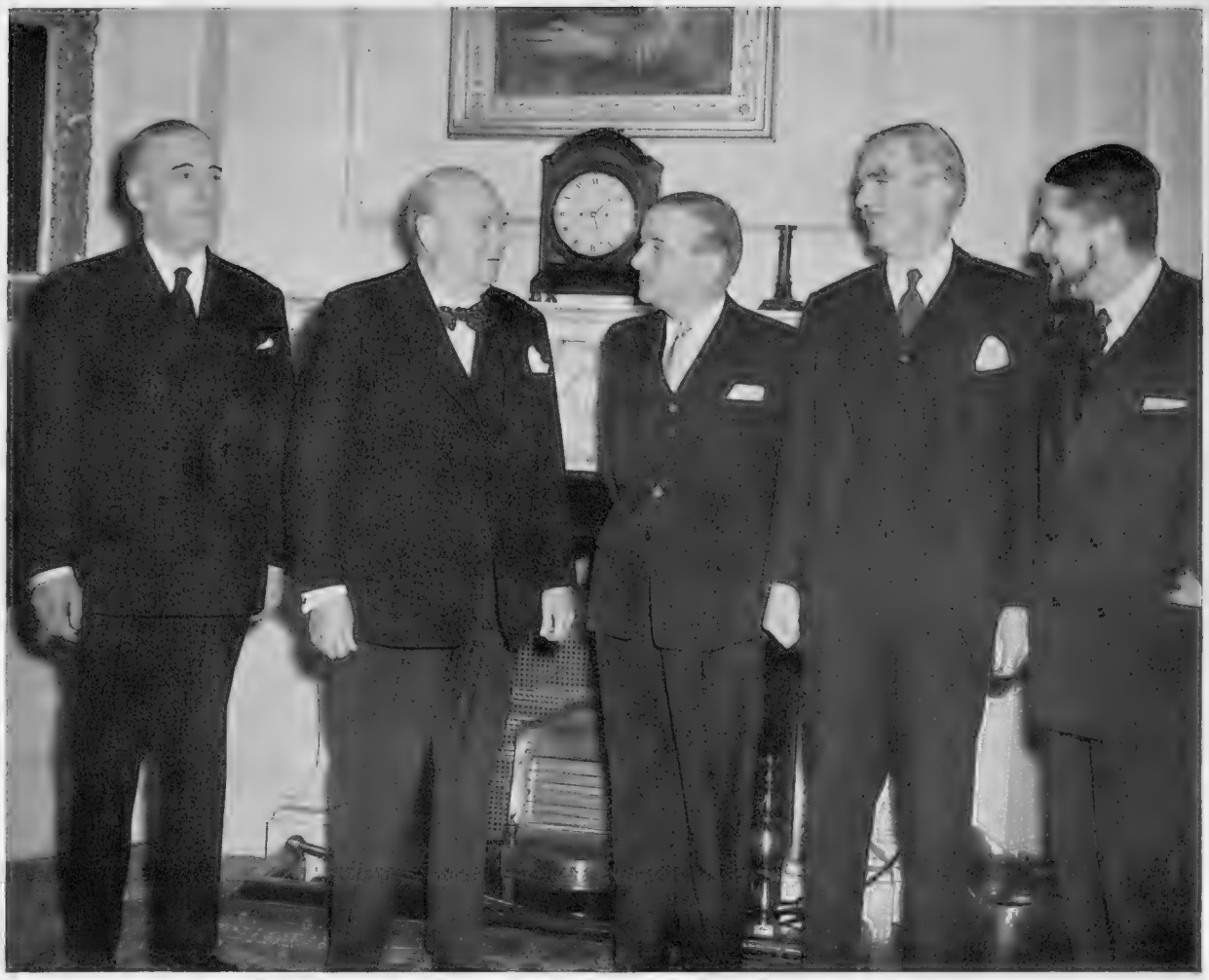
BREN-GUN CARRIERS PLOUGHING THROUGH THE WATER IN A STILL-FLOODED CANVEY STREET: The carrier on the left is taking track-laying equipment to the areas where mud has been hampering the work of the troops and civilians engaged in gap-filling. Powerful pumps from volunteer fire brigade organisations have played a big part in reducing the level of the water.

ENVOYS AND VISITORS TO LONDON

The French Cabinet Ministers, the American Ambassador, and the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin

London has been receiving some important and interesting visitors in recent days, among them M. Rene Mayer, the new French Prime Minister, who came over with his colleagues for the talks on defence and trade. M. Mayer, aged fifty-seven, is an expert on economic and financial matters, and as one of the men who negotiated the nationalisation of the French Railways in 1937, and as one of the founders of Air France, he is widely regarded for his mastery of transport problems. At the outbreak of war in 1939 M. Mayer was sent to London to purchase arms from the British Government; he returned clandestinely to France during the German occupation, and in 1943 he arrived in Algiers, where he joined General Giraud's administration as Secretary for Communications, being retained in that post by General de Gaulle. He was Commissioner-General for German and Austrian Affairs in 1945-46.

No less colourful among our visitors is Professor Reuter, the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin. Professor Reuter's post-war record is well known, for he has been a stout defender of Berlin against the Communists. His earlier record is not so well known. When he was wounded in the First World War and taken prisoner by the Russians, Reuter became an active member of the Bolshevist Party and was chosen by Lenin as the first People's Commissar of the Volga Germans. Mr. Stalin was his superior. Some six months later Professor Reuter resigned, left the Communist Party and joined the German Socialists.



THE BRITISH AND FRENCH MINISTERS MEET AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: M. Rene Mayer, the French Premier, Mr. Winston Churchill, M. Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, Mr. Anthony Eden, and M. Robert Buron, French Minister for Economic Affairs, seen together in London at the start of the Anglo-French talks. The talks covered a very wide field, in part relating to matters which had arisen following the Western European tour of Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State.

MR. EDEN WITH HIS FRENCH GUESTS AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: Sir Oliver Harvey, British Ambassador in Paris, M. Alphand, Mr. Eden, M. Georges Bidault and M. Massigli, the French Ambassador in London, seen together before they began their series of talks. Mr. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, joined these Ministers in their talks, which covered, among other questions, that of British restrictions now levied on imports from France.

THE CHIEF BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN PAYS A VISIT TO LONDON: Professor Ernst Reuter seen with Mr. John Hynd, M.P. (left), and Mr. Bellenger, M.P. (right). The Professor came over to England for a lecture tour, and on his first evening in London he spoke at the Junior Carlton Club. On the second day of his visit he was invited to the Royal Institute of International Affairs. It was Professor Reuter's stout-hearted speeches as Burgomaster of Berlin at the time of the Russian blockade of the city in 1948 that brought him into world-wide prominence. During the war Reuter was living at Ankara, having fled from the Nazis in 1935 after being twice imprisoned.

MR. CHURCHILL WITH THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: The Prime Minister shaking hands with Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, who has just arrived to take up his appointment in succession to Mr. Walter Gifford. On arrival at London Airport Mr. Aldrich was greeted on behalf of the Foreign Secretary by Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh, Mr. Eden's Principal Private Secretary, and a party of American Embassy officials, including Mr. Julius Holmes, the Minister and Chargé d'Affaires. Mr. Aldrich declared: "It is with feelings of real emotion that I return as my country's representative to a land I have known long, and loved, and to a people for whom I have the warmest feelings of friendship and admiration."

ROYAL OCCASIONS

The Queen at the Colville Christening and the Film Festival; the Queen Mother at a Charity Show at the Saville; the Duke of Edinburgh with the Parliamentary Scientists

THE CHRISTENING OF ELIZABETH HARRIET COLVILLE: The Queen outside St. Peter's, Eaton Square, with Lady Margaret Colville (who is holding her newly-christened daughter) and the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill. Both the Queen and the Prime Minister acted as godparents to the child. Mr. Colville is now Joint Private Secretary to the Prime Minister.

On left—

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ATTENDS THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON OF THE PARLIAMENTARY AND SCIENTIFIC COMMITTEE: His Royal Highness at the Savoy with members of the committee, including (on right of group) Sir W. W. Wakefield, M.P. The Parliamentary and Scientific Committee was founded by members of the House of Commons shortly before the Second World War. It now includes in its membership more than a quarter of those elected to the House and a smaller but active contingent from the House of Lords.

THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVES AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, a radiant figure in grey slipper satin, seen as she alighted from her car. Accompanied by Princess Margaret, she saw a performance of Emile Littler's musical show, *Love from Judy*, which was given in aid of the National Children's Aid Association.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO A FRENCH FILM: The Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, accepting a bouquet from Brigitte Fossey (a young French film star who appeared in *The Secret Game*) before the gala performance of *Les Belles de Nuit* at the Rialto Cinema in London. At either side of the Queen are the French Ambassador and Madame Massigli, who welcomed the Royal guests to the French Film Festival. *Right*—The Queen with M. Massigli. The Queen wore a dress of gold lace brocade.

MARIA SOPEGNO, OF THE HEALING HANDS, "SAINT" OF VOLVERA

PILGRIMS OUTSIDE THE HUMBLE HOME OF MARIA SOPEGNO AT VOLVERA, NEAR TURIN, WHERE THEY COME IN THE HOPE OF BEING RECEIVED BY THE MIRACLE-WORKER : Cars with licence-plates from all parts of Italy and many countries in Western Europe are seen outside the house, for Maria's fame has spread far and wide as a result of the cures she has brought about. No pictures of the girl miracle-worker have been published as yet.

CHILDREN CARRIED BY THEIR PARENTS ARE BROUGHT TO THE HOME OF THE HEALER : They are gathered outside the house in Volvera where Maria Sopegno is said to have brought about a series of miraculous cures. She gives the first preference to babies and children on her daily list of callers.

The Church, until it has evidence in its possession, is wont to look askance upon newly-emerged healers whose names are on everybody's lips and to whom the people flock in their thousands on hearing of their fame, and it will be interesting to see what the reaction is to Maria Sopegno, of Volvera, Northern Italy, who has reputedly achieved such remarkable cures with a certain fluid which she lays on with her own hands, the panacea for all ills. Rumours have been flying round Europe for months regarding Maria Sopegno's great skill, and it is said that the latest of her cures concerns the eighteen-year-old blind girl, Anna Maria Barbato. The blind girl had been to many Italian doctors, but nothing availed her until she went into a dark room with Maria Sopegno, only to emerge a few minutes later with her sight completely restored. Anna's blindness was caused by meningitis.

A YOGI WHO BURIED HIMSELF ALIVE TO FOSTER LASTING WORLD PEACE

FILING PAST THE PIT WHERE NARAYAN ACHARYA DIED AT THE END OF HIS FAST AT BELA ROAD, DELHI : Devout Indians paying a last tribute to the mystic who met his end as a result of burying himself alive for nine days without food or water, the declared object being to promote world peace and prosperity. In 1949 the mystic remained entombed for 244 hours without any ill-effects.

The interment alive of the Saddhu, Narayan Acharya, was remarkable only because it ended in his death. Such activities are not uncommon among the holy men of India, and reach the ears of the outside world only when the Saddhu's death causes a local sensation.

No doubt there are frauds among the Saddhus, who would have no difficulty in attracting a credulous following, but there is little doubt that genuine mystics can and do bury themselves alive, without access to air, water or food, for considerable lengths of time, as well as performing other incredible feats.

Narayan Acharya had played a minor part in the politics of Hyderabad before adopting the life of a mystic some five years ago. His object in carrying out his self-imposed penance was not entirely clear, but it seemed that he believed it would help him to make contact with certain spiritual forces in the interest of improving world conditions and bringing about a friendlier spirit among nations.

EXPLAINING HIS MASTER'S MISSION : Narayan Acharya's disciple, Swami Yamana Acharya, describing to citizens of Delhi the nature of the fast undertaken by his master, the celebrated Holy Man from Hyderabad.

THE WORLD AT LARGE

News Pictures from Many Quarters Abroad

NAVAB THE PURGER IS FREED FROM GAOL

THE LEADER OF THE CRUSADERS OF ISLAM IS ONCE MORE ABROAD IN THE LAND : Navab Safavi (centre) with Khalil Tahmasebi (right) and another of his followers after being released by Act of the Persian Parliament nineteen months after his incarceration. The Crusaders of Islam have a long record of political murders, a Liberal Muslim priest, a Minister of the Shah's Court, and the former Premier, Ali Razmara, all having been among their victims. They have also attempted the life of Hossein Fatemi, Foreign Minister in the Government of Premier Mossadek. Safavi announced on leaving gaol that his organisation would continue its self-appointed programme of purging Persia of traitors who would hand the country over to foreigners. Khalil Tahmasebi, who is seen on the right of this group, is alleged to have been the actual assassin of Ali Razmara. Last year, it may be remembered, the Tahmasebi Reprieve Bill was one of the extraordinary measures brought before the Majlis and duly passed. It was subsequently vetoed on the grounds of unconstitutionality by the Senate's Justice Committee. It was decided, however, to grant Tahmasebi a pardon, which also covered all others who may have been involved in the Ali Razmara assassination, and this included Navab Safavi. The pardon was granted on the grounds that the assassination was of a political character.

A NEW ABBOT ENTHRONED IN JERUSALEM

THE NEW ABBOT BLESSES THE CONGREGATION : Father Leo Rudloff, crozier in hand, seen after his enthronement as Episcopal Abbot of the Dormition Abbey of Mount Zion in Jerusalem. Church dignitaries from both Israel and Jordan attended the enthronement, the Israeli Government having given the Jordanian delegation special permission to cross the border.

TEMPLER ON JUNGLE PATROL

GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN MALAYA, SEEN (RIGHT) AS HE SET OUT ON A SEVEN-MILE JUNGLE PATROL : Sir Gerald, hooking his thumbs into the pockets of his jungle-green battle-dress, stands beside the sergeant who led one of the sections, and with Major-General Sir Hugh Stockwell (left), the G.O.C.-in-C., Malaya. Altogether General Templer spent three days in the jungle with patrols, obtaining a clear idea of exactly how his plans for the elimination of the bandits are being carried through. Major-General Stockwell, who formerly commanded the 3rd Infantry Division, succeeded Major-General R. E. Urquhart as G.O.C. in Malaya last June, and since then he has achieved important successes in many parts of the Federation, operating in dense jungle country with air support. The increasing willingness of the population to disclose the location of Communist camps has been an important development in recent months.

QUEEN JULIANA, PRINCE BERNHARD, PRINCESS WILHELMINA AND THE FLOODS

PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS ALIGHTS FROM AN AMERICAN HELICOPTER AFTER A LONG FLIGHT OVER THE DEVASTATED AREAS : The Prince seen at Woensdrecht, in Western Brabant, where the Americans have been operating their helicopter relief service, in so doing saving many lives from isolated points in the flooded islands.

PRINCESS WILHELMINA ATTENDS A SERVICE FOR FLOOD VICTIMS : The Princess leaving the New Church, Amsterdam, on Holland's Sunday of national mourning.

QUEEN JULIANA'S BROADCAST TO THE WORLD : The Queen joined with her people on this national day of prayer, and during the day made the memorable broadcast in which she paid tribute to all who were helping in flood-relief operations. She thanked other nations for the aid they had given.

KING BAUDOUIN IN THE FLOOD AREAS

On left—

KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS TOURS THE FLOOD AREAS : The King had only just returned from a trip to the French Riviera—a holiday cut short by criticism of his attitude. On February 9 the King went to the flooded valley of the River Schelde, in the provinces of Antwerp and East Flanders. Rain and melted snow had added to the inundations in the area, which presented a desolate picture indeed. At one point the King's car had to travel through 2 ft. of water. At Zandvliet, Lillo, Kallo, Termonde and Baserode King Baudouin saw soldiers helping to clear large breaches in the dykes. He had talks with the inhabitants and was deeply touched by their courage. The Belgian criticism of King Baudouin that he should leave his country at the moment when the flood crisis was at its height was raised again, and with greater vehemence after this tour, when the King returned to Antibes by plane to continue his holiday. Princess de Rethy was made the main target of one newspaper's attack.

INDIAN DANCERS IN THEIR BIZARRE COSTUMES PARADE FOR A FESTIVAL OF DANCING AT THE REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATIONS IN DELHI: *On left*—Villagers from Orissa beating out the rhythm for their womenfolk in the Koya dance, invoking blessings for good crops and seasonable rainfall. The design of their head-dress is said to be of great antiquity and has been found on seals of the Indus Dravidian civilisation. *On right*—Naga tribesmen from the wild hills of Assam, on India's north-eastern frontier. It is said that the Naga tribes still practise head-hunting. Their dances certainly have all the vigour and vitality of a savage people.

TRIBAL DANCING IN DELHI

Celebrating the Third Anniversary of the Indian Republic

Nearly 600 Indian dancers from fourteen states gathered in Delhi on January 26 to demonstrate their native dances, as part of the celebrations of the third anniversary of the Indian Republic. The dances themselves ranged in style from the polished artificiality of Westernised Bombay to the primitive vigour of Assam and Bihar. The black Siddis of Hyderabad, brought to India centuries ago by Mogul emperors, and the head-hunting Nagas of India's north-east frontier, joined with sophisticated temple dancers to give a demonstration truly representative of the many and varied Indian cultures. Children from the province Madyabharat performed the charming *Kathputli* dance, imitating the movements of marionettes; there was the graceful *Holi* dance from Bombay and the swirling *Bhangra* rustic dance from the Punjab.

The idea of the festival came originally from Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, who had been much attracted to the dances he saw during a recent tour of Assam and Bengal. The Indian Government is naturally anxious to inspire a feeling of single nationality among the diverse peoples of the Republic, and national festivals of this kind may do much to eradicate provincialism, the most difficult factor in Indian domestic politics.

PAINTED SIDDIS PERFORMING A DANCE OF AFRICAN ORIGIN AT THE DELHI CELEBRATIONS: They paint themselves pitch-black, with white patches here and there. Their bodies are held taut and their steps are a series of small but rapid jumps, so that they appear to be creeping forward in a most uncanny manner.

DANCERS PORTRAYING THE COURTSHIP OF LORD KRISHNA AND HIS BELOVED RADHA: The music of Lord Krishna's flute symbolises the divine message of the *Bhagavatgita*, the principal Hindu scripture, and Radha's rapt attention the devotion of the faithful.

THE SIDDIS OF HYDERABAD IN A DANCE STRONGLY REMINISCENT OF THEIR AFRICAN ORIGIN: These men are descended from Africans brought to India about 500 years ago by Mogul emperors. When the Mogul Empire fell they were employed as a special bodyguard for the Nizam, but this force was dissolved some years ago and the Siddis, who have never mixed with the Indians, are a dying race, to be numbered now in hundreds. Though they speak Urdu, they have also retained an African dialect. They sing praises of their original homeland and their dances have a strong element of witchcraft about them.

DURGA, WIFE OF THE GOD SHIVA, RIDES OUT ON A LION TO KILL THE DEMON: In this dance of the tribesmen of Himachal Pradesh, in the far north of India, the demon assumes many shapes in its flight from death, and is dispatched when it takes the form of a buffalo.

THE LEADER OF THE NAGAS IN DELHI, ARRAYED IN ALL HIS TRIBAL FINERY: Eighteen British expeditions were required to subdue the fierce Nagas, and again, under an Indian Government, they are showing signs of unrest. But they came gladly to the Delhi festival, to perform their fascinating tribal dances.

THE ENVOYS FROM FORMOSA EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON: Rear-Admiral B. J. Rodgers (left), greets Vice-Admiral Ma Chi-Chuang, Nationalist China's Chief of Naval Operations, and Major-General Chou T. Yu-Huan, Commandant of the Chinese Marine Corps, on their arrival at Alameda, California. The two Chinese Nationalist leaders were en route to Washington, D.C., for a series of conferences following the American decision to withdraw the Seventh Fleet from Formosa, thus giving them a freer hand to implement their own policies.

FORMOSA
AND THE PACIFIC

News from the Far-Eastern Theatre at a Time of Possibly Fateful Decision—Chiang and the Likelihood of a Mainland Adventure

To-day all eyes are on Formosa, focussed most disturbingly on that island by the first major foreign policy decision of General Eisenhower and his Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. The world has known for many months past that America has been pouring arms and supplies into Formosa, at the same time neutralising the island by encircling it with the powerful Seventh Fleet of the United States Navy.

Now the Seventh Fleet, including the fast Carrier Task Force 77, is manned and, we are told, ready to assist policy changes in the Orient, while Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his force of 500,000 men is free for any adventure on the Chinese mainland it deems feasible.

Commenting on the new and explosive situation last week, Chiang declared that the Nationalists were not yet properly equipped for a full-scale invasion of the mainland, but he said he could afford to wait. The people of China, he said, have been eagerly awaiting deliverance and an all-out invasion would have more far-reaching effects on the war in Korea than stepped-up raids along the mainland coast.

"Given support with supplies from friendly States, I am positive that our forces are capable of sustaining their offensive," the General said. "Our most essential needs are air and naval weapons and ammunition."

He was asked if he thought the Communists were capable of supporting a two-front war—in Korea and on the mainland.

Chiang said: "Up to now the greater part of Communist China's armed forces are still in China. If we launch an all-out invasion of the mainland the Communists will be unable to continue increasing their man-power in Korea."

CHINESE NATIONALIST FIGHTER PILOTS PREPARE FOR ACTION: A U.S. Air Force major is seen in this group of Nationalist pilots during briefing prior to an exercise on Formosa.

AN AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANE IS UNLOADED AT TAIWAN, FORMOSA: Men of the United States Navy with a P 47 which they craned from the deck of the United States carrier *Windham Bay*, one of the American warships which has been delivering planes to the Nationalist Air Force on the island of Formosa.

THE NEW EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER VISITS KOJE ISLAND, SCENE OF THE FIERCE PRISON BATTLES IN 1952: Lieut.-General Maxwell Taylor (left) being shown a display of propaganda leaflets confiscated from prisoners of war in the Koje compounds. Colonel Caldwell, Commanding Officer at Koje, is standing on the right. On the day following the General's visit prisoners rioted in two of the Koje compounds. General Van Fleet, who has now retired from command of the Eighth Army, having reached the age limit, has returned to the United States. Commenting bitterly on the war, he has declared that at the start of the armistice negotiations his forces were on the threshold of a great victory and that the Communists knew it. The long period of negotiations had saved the Communists from inevitable disaster.

CANADIANS MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME: The men of Canada's 25th Brigade fighting in Korea have built themselves this elaborate out-of-doors ice-rink on the frozen Imjin River and near the front line. There during recent days they have been staging inter-unit matches, and furious battles in the best ice-hockey tradition.

MAKING THE QUEEN'S CORONATION ROBE

The Work in Progress at the Royal School of Needlework in London

THE DESIGN FOR THE REVERSE OF THE CORONATION FIVE-SHILLING PIECE : The design has the four quarters of the Royal Arms each contained in a shield and arranged in the form of a cross. Between the shields are the emblems, double Rose, Thistle, Shamrock and Leek, and in the centre is the Royal Crown.

THE MOTIF OF THE QUEEN'S CORONATION ROBE IS THAT OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY DURING THE REIGN : Highly-skilled women are seen embroidering the Coronation robe at the Royal School of Needlework, Prince's Gate, Kensington. On the left of the table is Miss Violet Wise, and on the right (further from camera) Miss M. Evans, both of whom were engaged on the Coronation robe for Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. In front on the right is Miss Bartlett. The robe, of pure silk, is being embroidered in a design chosen by the Queen. The Royal School of Needlework was founded by Princess Christian in the year 1872.

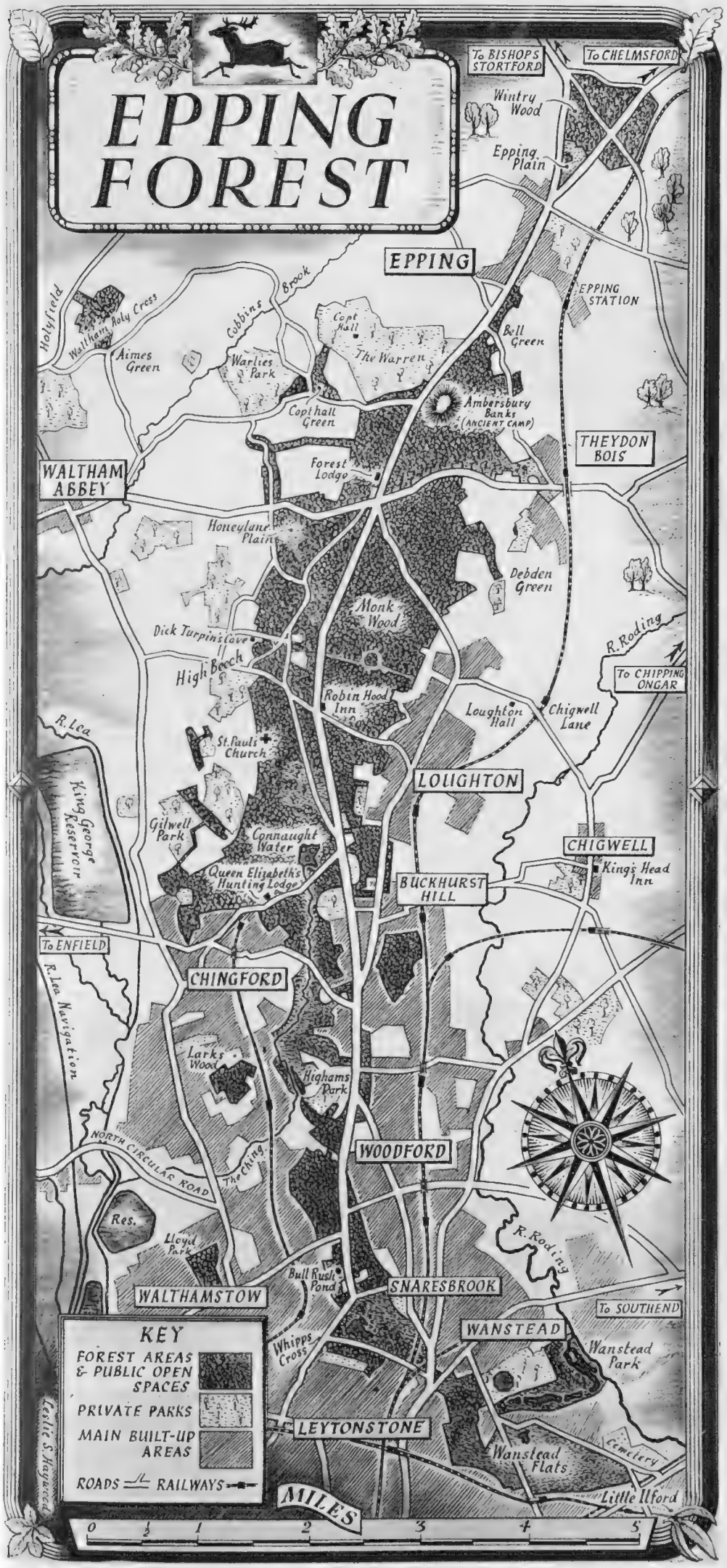
On right—

MAKING THE CROWN FOR THE CORONATION ROBE : Miss Ruby Essan, of Wimbledon, engaged in her task at the Royal School of Needlework. It is being carried on separately from the general work on the robe. On completing the Crown it will be incorporated in the robe just above the Royal cypher.

THE ROMANCE OF LONDON'S LAST FOREST

In Epping the Deer, Hunted in Ancient Days by Kings, Still Roam Wild, and 6,000 Acres of the Original Old England Still Remain Unfenced and Unfarmed

By JOHN MAY, with Drawings by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.



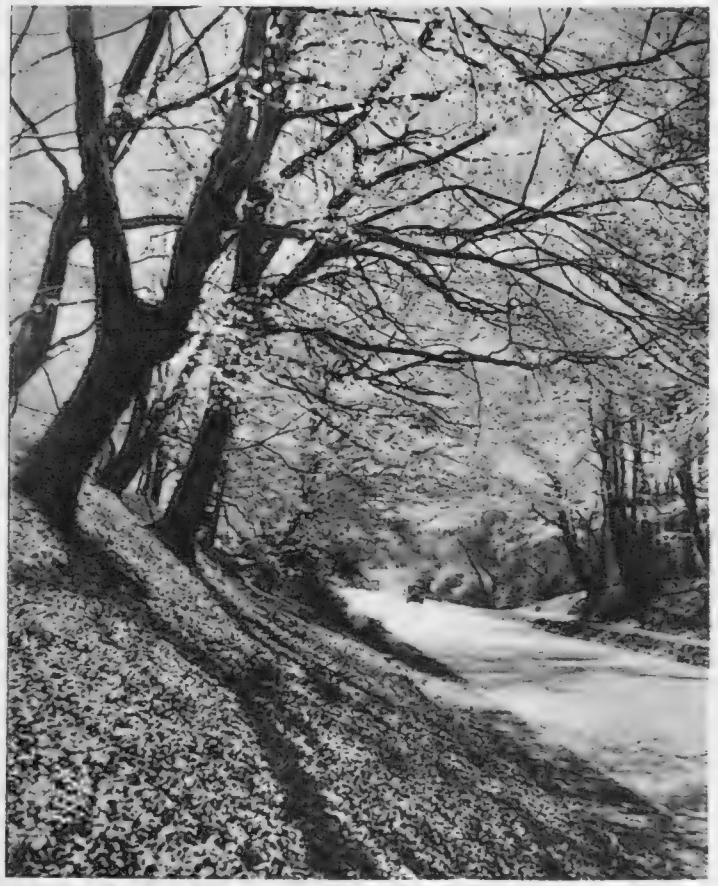
EPPING FOREST, ONE OF THE GREAT LUNGS OF LONDON: In this drawing specially made for "The Sphere," Leslie Haywood shows the extent of the forest from Wanstead Flats, near Little Ilford, to Wintry Wood, on the Chelmsford road, the whole forest covering an area of 5,542 acres, or nearly nine square miles. Its length is very nearly twelve miles.

ONE dark Sunday evening at the end of last year a bunch of fallow deer raced out from the trees and across a road in Epping Forest, and collided with a car. A stag cleared the bonnet. Some of the deer hit the roof and the side panels. One crashed through a window. The car fell on its side, slid down a bank and rolled over and over among the trees. History had run headlong into the mid-twentieth century.

The incident made a headline for the newspapers. But nowhere was any wonder expressed that here, less than ten miles from Central London, the venison hunted by ancient kings still roamed wild, and that 6,000 acres of the original old England remained unfenced and unfarmed, in all its virgin beauty of oak, beech and hornbeam, bracken and silver birch.

The Forest of Epping is never deserted, even in the depths of winter. But as the birds begin to pair again around St. Valentine's Day, so Londoners on sunny spring days flock back to visit and enjoy their forest in increasing numbers. They play football or cricket, ride horses, play golf, row in boats, swim, fish, sit about in cars, eat picnic meals, laze on the grass or take vigorous walks. Some meet, fall in love, and eventually marry—choosing a Forest church for the wedding. Their nuptials become another thread woven into the rich tapestry that records the romance of a royal deer forest preserved as a public pleasaunce.

By whose championship do the people enjoy such a heritage? A picturesque mile-wide sleeve of green on the road that London now reaches out north and east towards Newmarket, the Forest of Essex was once a garment that clothed the county. It stretched from Bow almost to Cambridge and Colchester, and along the bank



THE HIGHWAY TUNNELLING THROUGH THE TREES: This picture, taken near the Robin Hood, is included in James A. Brimble's *London's Epping Forest*, a charming volume which was first published by Country Life in 1950. The photographs on succeeding pages are also taken from Mr. Brimble's book, which tells the story of Epping's preservation as a playground for the people of London.

of the Thames. Hadleigh and Rayleigh were clearings (leys); Forest Gate was one way in; Brentwood and Broadoak, Birchanger and Woodford were obviously forest places. Then it became the Royal Forest of Waltham, where kings had their palaces and hunting lodges. And, finally, what was left took the name of the market town—Epping, still a Monday market under its charter of 700 years ago.

Tatters of the sleeve of green would be all that remains if forest history had not changed its course violently last century. Even a natural forest cannot run itself, and unprotected it falls easy prey to exploiters. Epping Forest is in the keeping to-day of brown-faced men in long-skirted jackets, who wear bronze badges and have a hatband of stitched leather instead of ribbon. They live among the trees and tend to merge into their background. Mounted on bicycles (too often punctured by thorns) they, nevertheless, have authority and as a sign they carry a parchment in their pockets.

The power behind the keepers is the Corporation of the City of London, which has laid out £300,000 in some seventy years to secure the forest for the people, and pays £25,000 a year to run it. This is money from the Corporation's *private* sources; no rate is levied anywhere to raise it. And to protect the forest from being nibbled away by the hijacking "compulsory purchase" methods of local authorities, even more cash is found from time to time by the City for defending it at law.

A hundred years ago, before the Corporation took on this responsibility, large tracts of the forest were being fenced off. Signs that remain to-day are open green rides in some parts—which were

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE ROMANCE OF LONDON'S LAST FOREST

THE ROBIN HOOD INN IN EPPING FOREST: The roundabout at the Robin Hood is a popular halting-place, for the bank of high ground is a good vantage-point from which to watch the world going by. From behind the Robin Hood there is a long view across Debden Slade to the far ridge of Woodbury.

CEDAR HOUSE IS A RICKETY OLD DWELLING BESIDE THE GREEN TO THE NORTH OF EPPING TOWN: There the cedar's roots are actually pushing up the floor. The house is occupied by Father Brown, the Roman Catholic priest, whose "church," until a new one is built in the near future, is an old Army hut alongside the house. Two Quaker ladies lived here previously. With Father Brown is living Father André Clerc, a French priest; both are Canons Regular of the Immaculate Conception.

YE OLD KING'S HEAD INN, AT CHIGWELL, WAS ONCE WELL WITHIN EPPING FOREST, WHICH HAS NOW RECEDED FROM IT: It was the model for the Maypole Inn described by Charles Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*. Dickens said it had "more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day," and "huge zigzag chimneys out of which it seemed as though even smoke could not choose but to come in more than naturally fantastic shapes." The inn now has a "Dickens Hall" attached. In the churchyard across the road was buried George Shillibeer, who ran London's first buses.

TURPIN'S CAVE IS A LITTLE INN WITH A SEMI-SUBTERRANEAN BAR, AT HIGH BEACH, WHICH WAS BUILT ON ONE OF DICK TURPIN'S EPPING FOREST HIDE-OUTS: The inn has been kept by George Riley for more than twenty years, and although off the main roads it is a favourite hostelry for horse-riders and a tea-place for cyclists. Turpin relics are kept in the bar, and a large horse-chestnut tree shadows the building.

BOATING ON CONNAUGHT WATERS: This favourite Forest resort of Londoners at Chingford is a large stretch of water with four islands, and a one-way traffic system for oarsmen. Notices say: "All Boats Keep to the Right," which is, of course, the normal rule of the road at sea! There are wild duck and moorhens on the Water. Good bream are to be caught, but the fish are mostly gudgeon and roach.

(*Continued from previous page*)

to be the main arteries for development—and extensive undulating ridge and furrow of past "narrow stetch" ploughing. Then in 1870 the House of Commons presented an address to the Queen praying that the forest be preserved for public enjoyment, and after eight years of legal battling an Act of Parliament restored the enclosed acres, and appointed the Corporation as conservators. It was the end of an era.

Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge at Chingford, the museum of Epping Forest, tells some of the previous history. This was "the Greate Standinge on Dannetts Hill"—a three-storey building of which the two upper floors were walled only waist high, and were used as a Royal grandstand for hawking. Here now in the care of old Henry Fox, are the butterflies and fauna of Epping Forest, the chipped flint arrowheads, the mammoth bones, the spurs, swords and pistols—and a stuffed three-day-old fawn of a roe deer which a little girl comes every Saturday to see.

There are also man-traps, gaping thief-catchers with steel, crocodile-toothed jaws. The building itself is magnificently timbered. But having been given one ornamental stone fireplace with no flue upstairs it was logically installed with another below—and then a chimney built on to the exterior to justify them! The building is, however, centrally heated. Less *Alice in Wonderland* are the windows in the upper storeys, where once the rooms were open.

The King's Head Inn at Chigwell, built in similar style and period (but with massive chimneys indigenous) stands to the east on the other side of the forest. This was the inn glorified by Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*: "an old building with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day . . . diamond pane lattices, ceilings heavy with massive beams." The "landlord's" name over the door to-day is that of Doris Jessie Peters.

And then, tucked away to the north at High Beech (or "Beach," meaning a bank; the spelling is much argued) is more history in George Riley's little pub with a semi-subterranean bar, known as Dick Turpin's Cave. Turpin was typical of the rogues that once infested the forest, and this inn was built on one of his hidey-holes. He had another at Buckhurst Hill also in the forest—a stable with a windowless closet above. After being chased, he led his sweating horse upstairs, and was discovered lounging in the stable below with another horse, an obviously unridden alibi munching its oats.

While the hunting, drinking and robbery went on the Commoners of the forest enjoyed their rights of loppage, pannage and grazing. Pannage meant turning pigs into the forest for a few autumn weeks to eat acorns and beechmast. Loppage was cutting off the branches of trees every few years for firewood, especially those of the hornbeams, which are found

nowhere in England growing so profusely as in Epping Forest. Hornbeams grotesquely distorted by the lopping are now a weirdly beautiful feature of the forest. "Nothing could be more interesting and romantic than the effect of the long poles of the hornbeams rising from the trunks and seen against the mass of the wood behind," wrote William Morris.

Commoners lived under the strict and complex rule of Reeves, Woodwards, Regarders and Agisters, with the Lord Warden topping all. Their dogs had to have the claws cut off their forefeet, close to the ball, to prevent them chasing deer. But deer-stealing went on. A man at Loughton was fined 10s., then a large sum, for having a crossbow in his house.

The great men and women of many centuries came and went—Henry VIII to hunt on the morning Anne Boleyn was beheaded; Samuel Pepys to measure timber, which was taken to Barking and slid into the creek for the Navy; Ben Jonson to dally with a lady at Loughton Hall; Nell Gwynn to Copt Hall to frolic with another Charles—"my Charles the First"—before she became the King's mistress; gloomy Tennyson to write "Ring out, wild bells" about the bells of Waltham; Trollope to hunt; Kipling and W. W. Jacobs; and Jacob Epstein to carve "Rima" and paint water-colours of the forest.

THE SPIRE OF HIGH BEACH CHURCH IS A LANDMARK FOR MILES IN EPPING FOREST: Many visitors attend services at High Beach Church and some couples return to marry there. In summer, with leaves on the beeches and oaks that surround it, they find the church impossible to photograph. This view by Jack Merriott, R.I., is therefore especially attractive. Named for the Holy Innocents, the church was built eighty years ago as a memorial by the Baring family when two young children died of scarlet fever. It replaced the church of St. Paul's (now demolished) which was a chapel-of-ease to Waltham Abbey, and subsequently High Beach became a separate parish. Many Scouts from near-by Gilwell Park, the national Boy Scout headquarters, attend the services.

These literary and historical associations are recorded in William Addison's *Epping Forest*. But there are as many other tales as there are trees. St. Paul's Church at High Beach was once a chapel-of-ease to Waltham Abbey. But when two little children died of scarlet fever last century, the family built the present Church of Holy Innocents, the old church was pulled down, and High Beach became a separate parish. The eighty-year-old "new" church is a landmark for miles. Scouts come to it from their near-by national headquarters at Gilwell Park. A notice-board welcomes forest visitors to the services, and many return to be married here. They usually stay with Mr. and Mrs. James at Wallsgrove Cottages for the required three weeks of residence. The vicar who marries them, the Rev. Frank Knibbs, has the unique ecclesiastical distinction of having been brought back to the parish on the insistence of parishioners after having left it some years before. The carpet was recently stolen from the church, but now the women of High Beach are making a new one.

And so back to the present day. High Beach, Chingford and the six-ways cross-roads at the Wake Arms, where Brother Bulmer, the landlord, presides with a benign and monkish beneficence—these are spots where the public congregates. Down on the 500 acres of Wanstead Flats, the southernmost portion of the forest, the National Playing Fields Association now manages the sports facilities for more than 100 football pitches. There is a public golf course at Chingford and club courses at Woodford and Theydon Bois. Traditional fairs are held at Wanstead and Chingford at Easter, Whitsun and August Bank Holiday.

Swimming in forest ponds is unofficial. Some new pools are landmine craters become minor beauty spots. But Whipp's Cross bathing pool, managed by a local committee, holds 2,000 bathers. There is boating at Connaught Waters, Highams Park Lake, Hollow Ponds, Wanstead Park and on the Bullrush Pond (for children), near the Rising Sun. Horse-riding in the southern part has had to be confined to controlled routes, but in the north there is little restriction. One stables with its own indoor riding school at Forest Lodge, near the Wake Arms, is run by Gerard Van der Gucht, brother of Jan Van der Gucht, the singer. "Gerry" went to North Africa with the Army in 1942, training mules. Invalided home from Italy, he lost a leg; but he still carries on riding.

Trading on the forest is forbidden. But on corners like that leading off the Epping Road to Upshire, a coffee-stall operates under licence. (For these pitches preference is always given to such applicants as disabled ex-Service men with no other means of livelihood.)

AMBRESBURY BANKS: These are the earthworks surrounding an ancient British camp where Boadicea fought Suetonius. The camp covers twelve acres, and is now hidden by the forest except for banks like these pictured here which can be glimpsed from the road.

Hereabouts it is especially noticeable with the briars, thorn-bushes and scrub beside the road having been cleared away, and as a result the passing motorist has an unobstructed view into the shaded "cathedral cloisters" beneath the trees. Farther north is Epping itself—a rural market town now on the Central London tube!—

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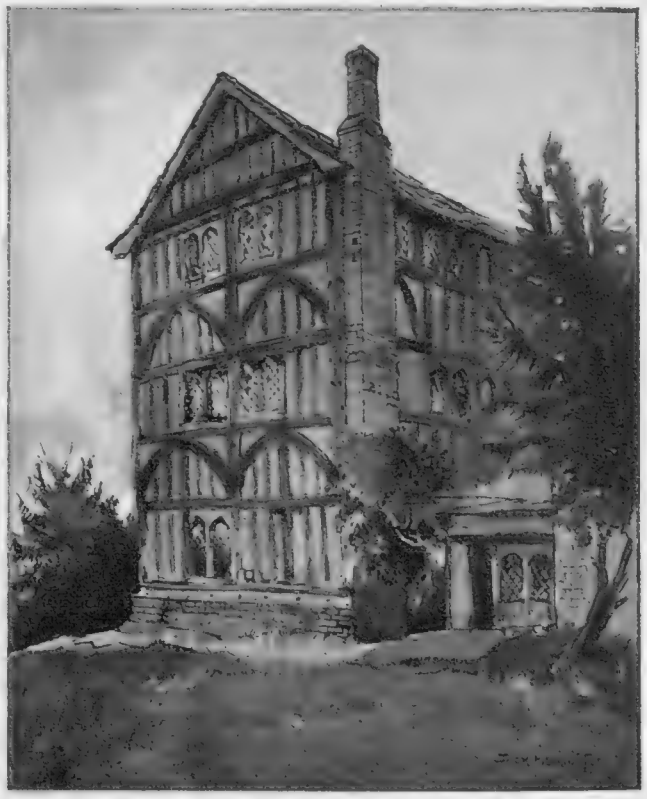

THE MUSEUM IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HUNTING LODGE AT CHINGFORD: *Right*—An exterior view of the building, which was originally used as a grandstand for Royal hawking and hunting days in Epping. *Left*—The interior of the museum. Animals, butterflies, fish, flint implements, bones, spurs, swords, and other relics found in the Forest are housed here, with such grim historical reminders of the dangers of deer-stealing as man-traps and thief-catchers with "crocodile" jaws. Magnificently timbered, the building belongs to the Corporation of the City of London, Conservators of Epping Forest, and the collections are the Essex Field Club's. The museum is open on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

THE ROMANCE OF LONDON'S LAST FOREST

On left—

THE RUINED SHELL OF COPT HALL : In earlier days Copt Hall was the greatest house within the boundaries of the Forest area, the home of kings and princes. Mary, daughter of Henry VIII, lived there as a Princess while her half-brother, Edward VI, was on the throne. It was visited by Charles II and Queen Anne, and William III spent a night there after being scared by kidnappers in the forest. To-day once proud Copt Hall is an uninhabitable shell, roofless and derelict.

On right—

MARKET DAY AT EPPING : It is held by 700-year-old charter on Mondays. The cattle-pens and market-stalls are on the west side of the High Street.

Below on right—

THEYDON BOIS, THE OAK TREE AVENUE : This is one of the prettiest of the forest villages and it encircles a large green.

DEER BROWSING IN A HORNBEAM GLADE IN EPPING FOREST : The hornbeam is a noteworthy feature of the forest, and indeed Epping has been called the only hornbeam forest in Europe. In spring it is advisable to avoid the oaks and hornbeams, for the caterpillars abound.

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where a stranger waiting his bus may find a farmer trying to sell him a bull, and the old coaching inns, including the well-known Thatched House, stand mostly on the east side of the road and the market-stalls on the other.

The last fragment of the forest—over which jet-planes whistle from North Weald aerodrome—is Epping Plain and Wintry Wood. Warden of it all to-day, from here in the north to Wanstead Flats in the south, is the Forest Superintendent, Alfred Qvist, whose house and office are at The Warren, Loughton. Superintendent Qvist (the name is of Scandinavian origin), a qualified land agent, is responsible to an Epping Forest Committee. Twelve of them are members of the Court of Common Council (administrative body of the Corporation of London), and four are local Verderers elected by the Commoners.

A Commoner's qualification is half-an-acre of land. There are some 500 on the Register, which covers a dozen Forest parishes : Chigwell, Chingford, Epping, Leyton, Little Ilford, Loughton, Theydon Bois, Waltham Holy Cross, Walthamstow, Wanstead, West Ham and Woodford. For each parish there is a Reeve, whose duty is to brand with a tar mixture the Commoners' cattle turned out to graze in the Forest. Less a job than a distinction now, being a Reeve still carries a token salary. One is an M.P., one a councillor, one a farmer ; the busiest, in the parish of Waltham Holy Cross, is a parson.

The Forest staff includes two dozen uniformed and plain-clothes keepers, a score of woodmen and general forest workers, and a dozen handymen.

The Commoners' right of grazing cows and horses is perhaps the most important factor of all in the affairs of Epping Forest, and more beasts could well be turned out there. Grazing can prevent the " lawns " from reverting to bracken, thorn, silver birch and oak by natural regeneration. In some places now the public's feet and motor-tyres are to an extent performing the same function. But grazing is important legally, too : it was the basic reason for the fight against enclosure ; it was the undeniable right that saved the Forest for the people.

Two major attempts since the war have been made by local authorities to acquire portions of the Forest. West Ham wanted 120 acres for houses, and East Ham 18 acres for a school. The Corporation of the City of London successfully fought them off in court.

COPTHALL GREEN, WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES : Copthall Green stands in a countryside of sequestered villages, parkland and green lanes. No part of Epping Forest is indeed made up of such attractive scenery as in this area on the north-west border.

AGROUND, ABLAZE AND AFLOAT

SHIPS IN DISTRESS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE, AND A SAILING-SHIP SETS OUT ON HER HOMEWARD VOYAGE

AN AMERICAN DESTROYER GOES TO THE RESCUE OF A DISABLED NORWEGIAN SHIP SOME 90 MILES NORTH OF PUERTO RICO : The 2,050-ton destroyer *Caperton* prepares to go alongside the *Bertrand* which is seen flying the distress signal and carrying improvised sails. The Norwegian ship, out of fuel and unable to make contact by radio, had been adrift for ten days when the *Caperton* picked up a lifeboat carrying six of the *Bertrand's* crew who had been sent out in search of help.

AN ABANDONED FISHING-VESSEL AWAITS SALVAGING IN AN AMERICAN RIVER : An empty lifeboat floats near the *Benjamin Brothers 2nd*, a 115-ton scallop dredger which sank at the end of January off Reedy Island, in the Delaware River, about 15 miles south of Wilmington, the largest city in the State of Delaware. The two crew members of the 104-ft. craft were rescued by the Coast Guard.

A MURDER MYSTERY SHIP GOES AGROUND ON A MEXICAN ISLAND : The American freighter *Fairhope* is seen after going aground on the coast of Mexico, 270 miles south of San Diego, California. The San Diego photographer who flew south to take this photograph of the United States military cargo-vessel, said that he was not allowed to go on board to talk to the crew. This was in view of the fact that the *Fairhope's* skipper, Captain H. T. Hallman, had radioed the U.S. Coast Guard that a steward, Carl Thurmond, aged fifty-six, was missing and believed murdered.

THE 4,030-TON SWEDISH REFRIGERATOR SHIP "ANTARCTIC OCEAN" ABLAZE IN HAMBURG HARBOUR : Firemen stationed in firefloats play hoses on the stricken ship in a dramatic attempt to save the liner from a tragic end similar to that sustained by the liner *Empress of Canada*, which recently caught fire and sank in Liverpool. The *Antarctic Ocean* was considered lost when she capsized against the quay, forcing the firemen to abandon the vessel. Four fire brigades, comprising twenty-five engines and three fire-police boats, were called out to fight the blaze, which broke out while workmen were making repairs with an acetylene torch. By midnight the rapidly-spreading flames had set the ship's superstructure alight. Although many men were engaged in fighting the fire, there were no casualties.

FULL SAIL FOR DENMARK—A TRAINING SCHOONER SETS SAIL FOR HER HOMELAND AFTER PAYING A VISIT TO THE NEW WORLD : The Danish Merchant Marine training schooner *Danmark* leaves the island of Bermuda behind her as she heads for her home port of Copenhagen. The *Danmark*, which has no auxiliary power, has been on a training cruise tour of Western Atlantic ports. During the cruise the Merchant Marine trainees have been undergoing training in navigational and sailing techniques.

THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE DONE TO HOLLAND'S VAST SYSTEM OF DYKES IS TYPIFIED BY THIS PICTURE TAKEN NEAR BERGEN-OP-ZOOM : Men and machines are seen engaged in repair operations. An Emergency Bill is being presented in the Dutch Parliament embodying a proposal to give central responsibility for repair of the dykes to the Government office of Transport and Dykes. There is also to be a national inquiry seeking measures to prevent a repetition of the disaster, and steps will be taken to improve the warning system. The Dutch Prime Minister, Dr. Drees, in a two-day debate on the floods, told the Second Chamber of the States General that according to a rough estimate the total amount of damage is about 1,000,000,000 guilders (£100,000,000). An accurate estimate is impossible, as nobody can know at this moment the cost of closing the dykes or how much time this will take.

HOLLAND COUNTS THE COST

AND SURVEYS HER GRIEVOUS DAMAGE AS THE FLOODWATERS RECEDE

THE WATERS HAVE RECEDED FROM THE TOWNSHIP OF OUDE TONGE, ON THE ISLAND OF OVERFLAKKEE : They have left behind them this mighty pile of debris which is seen stacked high against houses which themselves survived the onslaught of the floods. Overflakkee was possibly the worst sufferer of all the Dutch islands, the greater part of it being submerged.

TWO MORE EXAMPLES OF FLOOD DAMAGE IN A STRICKEN LAND : *Left*—A street littered with debris in the town of Portvliet. Only very solid objects, like this memorial, survived the onslaught of the tidal wave. *Right*—Looking across the breach in the dyke at Moerdijk, where a great mass of water swept through at the height of the flood crisis. Mere sandbagging operations cannot avail in closing this breach, and excavators and bulldozers will have to be brought into action.

AN ELECTRIC SALMON SCREEN ABOVE THE DAM AT DUNALASTAIR, ON THE RIVER TUMMEL, IN PERTHSHIRE: The purpose of this device was to prevent smolts entering the water in front of the screens at the intake to the aqueduct.

ELECTRICITY SERVES THE SALMON

Electrical Methods of Controlling Fish Movements in Scottish Waters; and Other News from North of the Border

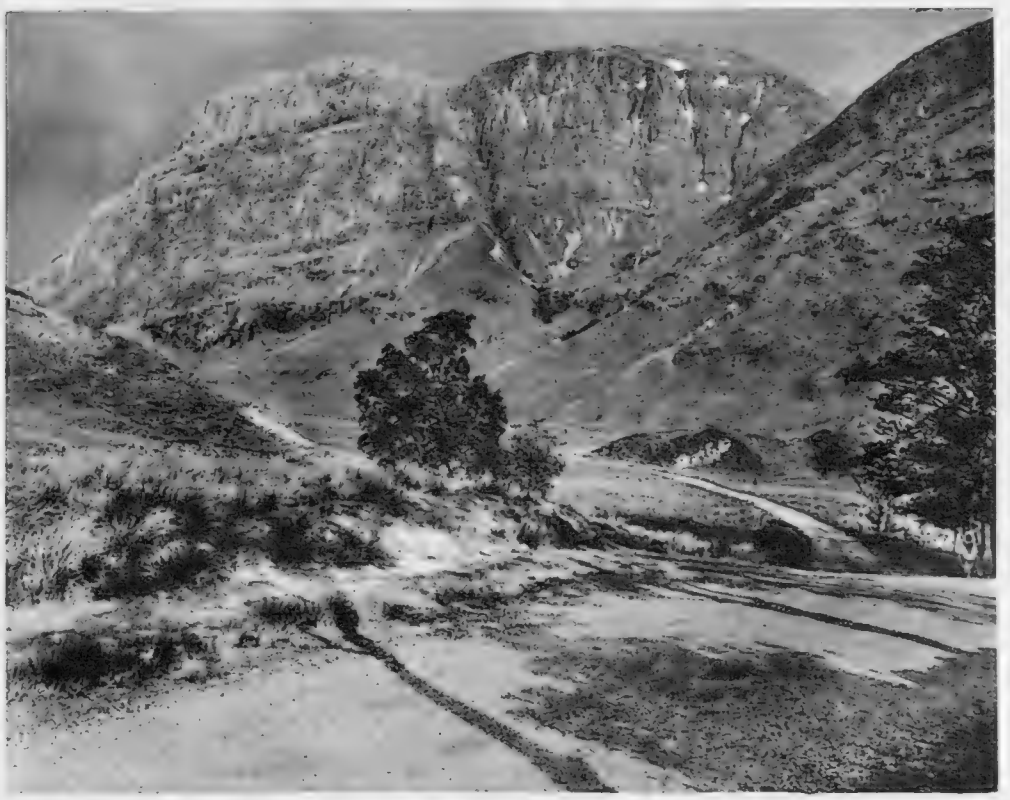
At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh a paper was presented by Mr. Norman G. Lethlean, a technical and research engineer on the staff of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, on electrical methods of controlling the movements of salmon and trout in Highland rivers where hydro-electric schemes may be in operation.

The experiments have produced an electric screen which has been completely successful in preventing salmon and sea trout from swimming into the tail-race of a power station when going upstream; a device which counts fish on their way up and down fish passes, but does not record the passage of debris; and an electric screen which shows promise, after further development, of being able to divert smolts away from an aqueduct leading to the turbines of a power station.

These devices will reduce the cost and increase the efficiency of equipment in use at present to prevent fish entering the channels above and below turbines in hydro-electric stations.

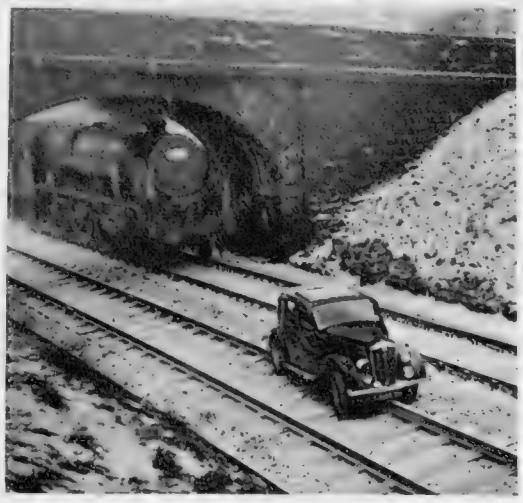
Where electric screens were used it was found that salmon experienced obvious discomfort when about 5 or 6 ft. from the outer electrodes of the screen and, at that distance, turned and swam upstream past the end of the tail-race. Sea trout found conditions too disagreeable for progress into the tail-race at 2 to 4 ft., depending on their size, from the inner electrodes. All the fish behaved in a perfectly normal way after leaving the electrified zone. There was no sign of distress or inclination to remain inactive afterwards.

KEEPING FISH CLEAR OF THE TAIL-RACE AT THE PITLOCHRY POWER STATION: The aluminium electrodes in front of the steel grille provide an electric screen which has been found successful in diverting ascending fish from the tail-race to the fish pass.



THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE WHICH TOOK PLACE ON FEBRUARY 13, 1692: Towering in the background are (from left to right) Achonich Dubh, Stob Nan Lochnan and the slope of Bidean Nam Bian. It was here that the massacre of the Macdonalds by Captain Campbell, his followers, and the troops of William III, took place. Thirty-eight Macdonalds were killed on the spot and 150 more died of exposure trying to escape.

A SCENE OF HAVOC ON THE ESTATE OF SIR FRANCIS GRANT, AT MONYMUSK, ABERDEENSHIRE, AFTER THE GREAT GALE: Mr. Stuart, the Secretary of State for Scotland, has said that the total timber blown down in Scotland is 30,000,000 to 35,000,000 cubic feet. The heaviest material loss has been suffered by private owners of woodlands and by the Forestry Commission, particularly on older plantations. The clearing-up of this immense amount of damage would need to be tackled energetically by the Forestry Commission, private owners and the timber trade, said Mr. Stuart, but detailed plans must await a more accurate assessment of the quantity of timber of the various categories, and a full estimate of the time at which they can be placed on the market.



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A NARROW ESCAPE ON THE MAIN CARLISLE-GLASGOW RAILWAY LINE: These two pictures show the car which somersaulted off the road in a snowstorm at Crawford, Lanarkshire, and landed a few inches from a speeding express train. The driver of the car found the door on his side jammed, but his passenger managed to crawl out. Only then did they hear the train approaching, and the curve of the line prevented them from seeing which way it was coming. As the passenger ran along the line waving frantically, the express roared past, missing the car by inches. A farmer stopped another express which was due. He broke down the door of an unmanned signal-box, to set the signals at danger.

Home News in Pictures

THE QUEEN DINES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

A Requiem Mass for Flood Victims; the Loss of Lifeboat "John and Charles Kennedy"; Coronation News; A Painting for King Hussein of Jordan; Flood Precautions at the Tate

COMMEMORATING THE VICTIMS OF THE RECENT FLOOD DISASTER: The scene in Westminster Cathedral as the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster knelt at the faldstool, below the steps leading to the Altar, during the Solemn Requiem Mass for the flood victims celebrated by the Very Rev. Mgr. Canon Collingwood, Administrator of the Cathedral. Canon Collingwood was assisted by the Rev. J. Coughlan and the Rev. F. J. Bartlett, while Cardinal Griffin gave the Absolution. Among those present in the Sanctuary were the Most Rev. Edward Myers, Archbishop of Beroea; the Rt. Rev. G. A. Beck, Bishop of Brentwood; the Bishop of Sebastopolis; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon Gibney (representing the Bishop of Southwark).

On right—

MR. LINCOLN EVANS SETTING OUT FROM HIS HOME TO RECEIVE THE ACCOLADE FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN: Sir Lincoln Evans, as he now is, is seen with his daughter Eunice and his son Lincoln. Sir Lincoln Evans, sixty-three-year-old General Secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, received his knighthood in the New Year's Honours List, and was much criticised by Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his supporters for accepting a knighthood on the recommendation of a Government which has threatened to denationalise the iron and steel trades.

THE QUEEN, WITH SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A., SEEN DURING THE RECEPTION THAT PRECEDED A PRIVATE DINNER PARTY HELD AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY LAST WEEK: The Queen, who wore a silver brocade gown with a diamond tiara, was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. Twenty-four people, among them Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and Mr. Somerset Maugham, sat down to the dinner which was held in the Assembly Room.

THE WRECK OF THE LIFEBOAT "JOHN AND CHARLES KENNEDY," WITH THE LOSS OF SIX OF HER CREW: Salvage men examining the hull of the *John and Charles Kennedy* on the rocks at Fraserburgh, 42 miles from Aberdeen, where the disaster took place. The lifeboat was launched as a precautionary measure to escort small fishing-boats into harbour when it was caught by a big wave and capsized. The only survivor was Charles Tait, who was taken to hospital. The Royal National Lifeboat Institution say that the hull of the lifeboat is probably a total loss, but that it is hoped that some equipment may be salvaged.

A BRIGHT IDEA FROM BRITISH SCIENTISTS: Miss Betty Thornicroft, of Rugby, looking at the new Mazda Type FA 5 Flash Tube which produces a light brighter than the sun and which has been developed in the laboratories of the British Thomson-Houston Company. Miss Thornicroft is holding a second FA 5 tube as she examines the one in operation. The new lamp is of almost 1,000,000 candle-power to the square inch, as compared with the sun's candle-power of 800,000 to the square inch. Work on the lamp was begun with the aim of producing a light which would enable colour pictures to be taken of the human eye, but it will be used for many forms of medical research work, including cancer research. The peak brightness of the lamp lasts for a period of one twenty-fifth of a second.

THE JUNCTION OF OXFORD STREET AND UPPER REGENT STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS BROADCASTING HOUSE—AN ARCHITECT'S SKETCH SHOWING THE PROPOSED CORONATION DECORATIONS IN OXFORD STREET: It was announced last week that a scheme of Coronation decorations for Oxford Street, from Marble Arch to Oxford Circus, has been prepared by the Borough of St. Marylebone. It is estimated that the scheme, which has been prepared by Mr. Sergei Kadleigh, in association with Sir Hugh Casson, Consultant Architect to St. Marylebone Council, will cost £12,000 to put into effect. The scheme proposes that two sets of standards should be erected in groups along both sides of the roadway; one will carry a colour scheme of scarlet and gold and the other will bear the arms of the Borough and of the City of Westminster. A third set of standards is planned for the roadway surrounding Marble Arch along which the procession will pass.

A BUS-TICKET SKETCH OF THE PROPOSED OXFORD STREET CORONATION DECORATIONS: This sketch has been executed on bus tickets by Mr. Sergei Kadleigh, one of the two designers of the Marble Arch and Oxford Street decorations. A number of designs, including this one and the one on the left, were on show to the public at Marylebone Town Hall last week.

A MINIATURE CORONATION PROCESSION THAT IS TOURING GREAT BRITAIN: This picture shows part of the model, including the State coach, leaving Buckingham Palace. It has been built to the order of Venova Exhibitions, of Brighton, and the toy soldiers, sailors and airmen were made by the firm of Britain's, Ltd. The model, which contains 3,000 lead figures representing every regiment in the British Army, as well as naval and Air Force personnel, is mounted on a moving belt which takes it on a 40-ft. journey against a background of cheering crowds. To create the right atmosphere, a programme of music, specially recorded by bands that will take part in the actual procession, is synchronised with the movement of the model, so that each band is heard playing as it leaves the Palace gates. This replica of the procession is now touring the country, to give those who will not be able to attend the Coronation a taste of its splendid pageantry.

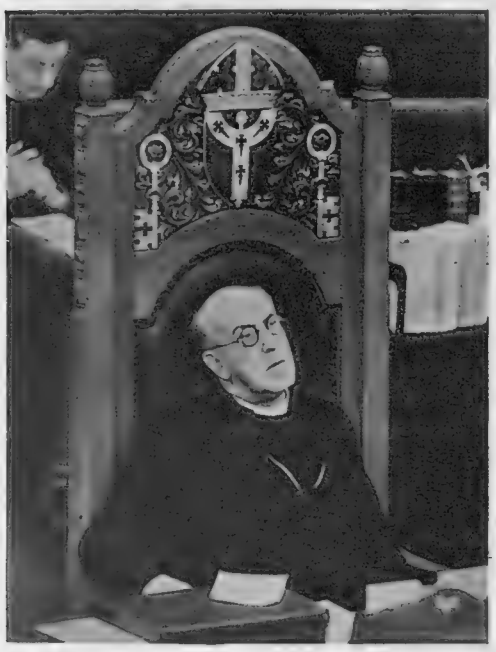
A PAINTING OF A FAMOUS JERUSALEM MOSQUE ACCEPTED BY KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN: The young King is seen with Major W. Tudor Pole, O.B.E., who has donated the painting for display in order to assist in raising funds for the preservation of the lovely mosaics of the mosque, which have become badly damaged in recent years. The presentation took place at the Islamic Cultural Centre, Regent's Lodge, London. The artist, John Fulleylove, R.I., who died in 1908, has portrayed the interior of the mosque built by the Caliph Abd el-Malik in A.D. 650, and erroneously called the Mosque of Omar. The dome of the mosque is supported by pillars encircling the rock on which, according to tradition, Abraham was to have sacrificed his son Isaac. Another tradition holds that the prophet Mohammed ascended into heaven from this rock.

THE WEDDING AT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, ST. ALBANS, HERTS, OF MR. EDWARD UNDERDOWN AND MISS ROSE GRIMSTON: The couple are seen leaving the church after the ceremony to a fanfare sounded by men of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, the bridegroom's old regiment. Mr. Underdown is an actor and amateur rider and his bride is a daughter of Sir Robert Grimston, M.P. for Westbury, Wilts.

HIGH-TIDE PRECAUTIONS—HELPERS MOVING PAINTINGS FROM THE LOWER GROUND FLOOR OF THE TATE GALLERY: As a precaution against flooding from the spring tides which reached their maximum last week-end, Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery, decided to remove all pictures from the lower ground floor of the Gallery, including those on exhibition as well as those in storage. The Tate Gallery staff were aided in the evacuation by volunteer helpers from the Slade School of Fine Art.

THE CHURCH IN CONCLAVE

The Spring Session of Church Assembly in London; and Two Important Ecclesiastical Buildings in the Hands of Restorers



THE CHAIRMAN OF CHURCH ASSEMBLY IN HIS CHAIR AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, whose tasks this year will include the crowning of the Queen and the arranging of many services in connection with the Coronation. The coat of arms engraved at the top of the Archbishop's chair is that of the See of Canterbury.

ARCHBISHOP, BISHOPS, PRIESTS AND LAYMEN CONFER AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: A general view taken at the Spring Session of Church Assembly when the representatives of the Anglican Church met to conduct the business of the Church in the two Provinces of Canterbury and York. Among the items on the agenda at the full assembly was a proposal which sought to give the Church Commissioners power to make grants or loans to dioceses for the improvement or provision of churches or other buildings in housing areas substantially developed since April 1945. Speaking in support of the motion, which was approved, the Bishop of St. Albans said that within twenty years the population of his diocese had increased by 40 per cent., and he likened the position in regard to the new housing areas to the flood position in the need for substantial help from the centre.

RECONSTRUCTION IN THE VICINITY OF THE MOTHER CHURCH OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION—THE NEW CHRISTCHURCH GREAT LIBRARY ADJOINING THE CLOISTERS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, NEARS COMPLETION: Mr. Bill Dearlove, of Sheen, Richmond (left), and Mr. George Reeves, of Canterbury, seen working on the semi-arches through which people will pass when on their way to the hall of the new library. *On right*—A general view of the new library, which is expected to be finished before the Coronation, and which will be a masterpiece in building. Work on the library began in 1951 following the destruction of the old building during a wartime raid on the city. Towering above the library is the Cathedral, which also sustained damage during the "Baedeker" raids. Since the war much of the Cathedral's valuable glass has been restored.

LOOKING EAST IN THE BOMB-DAMAGED CHAPEL AT LAMBETH PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: The plans for the restoration of the 700-year-old Chapel are now almost complete and it is hoped that work on the building and on the adjoining Lollards' Tower will be started within the near future. The restoration will follow the same general plans as in the rest of Lambeth Palace, and it will leave the historic buildings as nearly as possible as they were before the war. The skeleton of the five-light east window seen in this picture dates from the thirteenth century, while the casing at the foot of the window protects the marble altar steps. In the time of Archbishop Laud the chapel was given a flat ceiling in place of one which was, almost certainly, a stone or chalk vault. Though the flat ceiling was thus a substitution, the architects cannot now revert to the stone or chalk vault, because the existing buttresses would not support it. They have therefore decided on a plaster vault, similar to the groined roof that took the place of Archbishop Laud's ceiling in 1846.

AT THE WEST END OF THE RUINED LAMBETH CHAPEL: The five-light west window was originally open, but was blocked in during the fifteenth century by the building of the Lollards' Tower. The small oriel window was inserted by Archbishop Juxon during the seventeenth century.

THE MIDLAND THEATRE COMPANY REHEARSES AT THE STANFORD THEATRE IN LOUGHBOROUGH : The Arts Council's Midland Theatre Company, under the direction of Anthony John, avoids the chief disadvantage of repertory—the necessity to produce a new play each week—by running its own circuit of four theatres at Coventry, Nuneaton, Netherton and Dudley, and Loughborough. In the left background, producer Paul Lee argues a point with Antonia Pemberton, while Elvi Hale and Patrick McGoohan stand by. In the left foreground sit Rowena Ingram and Hugh Mathias, facing Michael Barrington, who takes a rest on one of the "props," while James Brabazon relaxes with a cup of tea and a cigarette. In the right background are Richard Kilburn, Tania Sands and John Ringham, all of whom are assistant stage managers as well as student artists. The Stanford Theatre, with a seating capacity of 352, is in the happy, unusual situation of having a waiting list for seats.

The REPERTORY THEATRES of BRITAIN

A Growing Movement Which Has Led Many Promising Actors to the West End Stage and Stardom

By JAN STEPHENS

The repertory theatres of Great Britain have two main functions—to bring the drama to many towns which would not otherwise have the opportunity to see serious theatre; and to give young actors and actresses their first professional experience. The successes and the pitfalls of the repertory system are discussed in the following article.

IN the next few weeks the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art will give its annual matinée to demonstrate the talents of students who have completed their courses and are now to be launched on a stage career. It is an interesting and sometimes an exciting occasion even for those whose fate does not depend on its results, and it attracts, besides parents and friends and junior students, many celebrated actors, some of whom also learned the rudiments of their art at the Academy, and a sprinkling of dramatic critics and theatre managers. For the exceptional student, the performance may mark his first step on a direct road to recognition and success: a London management may be so struck with his potentialities as to give him a contract at once. This happened two years ago to Mr. Gerald Harper, who went almost immediately after into the Shaw season at the Arts Theatre and gave a good account of himself in a dozen different parts.

But for most of the performers this special first appearance in the West End is merely the end of the first stage in the long and arduous business of learning to act. The second, and still more important, stage is in the acquisition of practical experience and of the knowledge and confidence that only comes with playing a great variety of parts. This he naturally wants to get in the shortest practicable time, and where is he to get it? In the absence nowadays of the actor-manager with a permanent company, almost the only place the young actor can acquire this essential and invaluable experience is the good repertory theatre. Into the semi-obscurity of one or other of these the newcomer will vanish for the next year or two to complete his practical training under the eye of an experienced producer and at the side of actors who are already beginning to feel their increasing command of the stage. Even young actors who have been translated straight from the Academy or some other dramatic school to the London stage often choose to undertake this further form of training. Mr. Harper, for instance, after his season at the Arts Theatre, wisely elected to gain additional experience outside London and was presently to be seen at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre.

Now there are three remarkable things about the British repertory theatres. One is that they are not repertory (or as Sir Frank Benson's generation would have called them, "repertoire") theatres at all. Though they change their programme as often as once a week, they maintain no stock of productions in Miss Horniman's sense of a living library of plays. The next curious thing about them is that no one knows how many of them there are at any given moment. The third, and the most notable, is the number of celebrated actors and actresses they have given to the London stage. If one looks at a list of players who have appeared at the Liverpool Rep., for instance, which is our oldest surviving repertory theatre—it was opened in 1911—one finds the names of many established leading actors and actresses besides those who are still only half-way up the ladder of success. Birmingham can boast a list that is even more striking. Not all necessarily made their names at Birmingham, though a large proportion of them did; but the fact that actors and actresses who had already made their mark in the theatre were sometimes willing to put in a season with Sir Barry Jackson's company testifies to the respect which a first-rate repertory company can command. It must be a tremendous encouragement to the youngster setting out on his first adventure in the provinces to know that many of the famous have preceded him along the same hard road.

THEATRICAL DIGS IN THE PROVINCES : Michael Barrington and James Brabazon, of the Midland Theatre Company, are fortunate in having "Florrie" for their landlady. No theatrical memoir of the famous is complete without a reference to early days in "digs." They can be good.

It has been said that the exact number of repertory companies working at the same time is not known. British Actors' Equity Association, the actors' trade union, places the figure at between 100 and 120, and the number of people employed in them between 1,000 and 2,000, according to the time of year. The difficulty in fixing the numbers is partly because some repertory companies are seasonal, playing either a summer or a winter season, or a summer season in one town and a winter one in another. The greater part of these, it is safe to say, do "weekly rep.", and as a training-ground for sensitive young actors are regarded with something more than suspicion by teachers of acting and others who have the artistic welfare of the young at heart. This is not necessarily because the "weekly reps." do only the poorer type of play. The programmes of the most popularly minded repertory theatres generally reflect the changing taste of London theatregoers more faithfully than we always realise. Even the cheapest of them prefers to be able to bill a play as "the West End success"—how long ago is not always specified—and provided a piece has had a long run in London even such unexpected plays as *Daphne Laureola* or *The Cocktail Party* may find their way on to the most unlikely stages.

(*Continued on following page*)

The Repertory Theatres of Britain

FIRST STEPS : The entrance to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street has been the stepping-stone of many young actors and actresses to a repertory company and very occasionally direct to the West End stage or films. On March 24 the R.A.D.A. will have its annual matinee when this season's students will show their paces before the Principal, Sir Kenneth Barnes, and a panel of distinguished actors and actresses. The Academy was founded by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in 1904 at Her Majesty's Theatre and transferred to Gower Street in 1905. Sir Kenneth Barnes has been actively connected with the Academy since 1909. It was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1920. Scholarships are available for overseas students.

FENCING FOR "POISE" : Mr. Freeschlen, the fencing master at the R.A.D.A., instructs two students. Fencing produces supple bodies and teaches poise and carriage, besides its more obvious training for actors taking part in duel scenes.

BASIC MOVEMENT : Girl students at the R.A.D.A. learn to move gracefully in basic movement training, instructed by Theodore Constable.

REPERTORY IN GLASGOW : The Citizens' Theatre in Gorbals Street uses the 100-year-old Royal Princess's Theatre, which has a seating capacity of 1,000. Their Christmas production, *A Glaikit Spell*, has been filling the house and will continue until March 14. The Citizens' Theatre is one of only seven out of more than a hundred repertory companies which maintains its normal productions for not less than two weeks. They began in 1943 at the Athenæum Theatre and, in 1945, moved to the present playhouse. Next door is a small cinema

REHEARSAL AT THE BRISTOL OLD VIC : With Liverpool, Birmingham and Coventry, Bristol is one of the four repertories to maintain their productions regularly for three weeks. In the above picture, Denis Carey (director and producer), Lionel Shapiro (the author), Pauline Jameson, John Neville and Douglas Campbell discuss the production of Shapiro's play, *The Bridge*, which will later be seen in London. *Captain Carvallo* was another West End play which was first done at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, and the company has also had a notable success at the Old Vic

NIGHT JOURNEY FOR THE MIDLAND THEATRE COMPANY : Having finished its week's production at Stanford, the company returns to its base at Coventry, 40 miles away. Next morning at 10.30, they will begin rehearsals on the next production. In the above picture George Moore, chief driver, and Frederick Garner, the company's electrician, check artists and staff as they board the company's private coach, and see that scenery is stowed in the pantechnicon

(*Continued from previous page*)

The real objection to "weekly rep." is on the grounds of the haste with which it must put on each new production. A week is little enough time to prepare a play even when the actors can give all their time and energies to its preparation. When they are also acting some other play at night, what can be done in that week is still further restricted; and the effect of preparing a new play week after week for a year or longer, which would appear at first sight as an unrivalled opportunity for the young actor to gain experience, is rather to teach him how to take short cuts and how to bring off a quick sketch than the means of creating an original and considered character. The objection is positive, not negative. For a lengthy sojourn in "weekly rep." does not merely fail to develop a young actor: it is believed, by those in a position to judge, to do him downright harm. He acquires the habit of working for quick, superficial effects, and after a time he loses the ability to do anything more, even when he may have two or three weeks in which to prepare it.

Fortunately, there are a certain number of repertory theatres where the young actor is in no such peril, and it is from these, as a rule, that the most valuable new recruits to the West End stage have been drawn. Birmingham and Liverpool have already been mentioned. To them may be added the Bristol Old Vic and the Arts Council's Midland Theatre company, based on Coventry, which divides the run of each play between Coventry itself and three or four near-by towns. These four repertory companies are the only ones to retain each production for three weeks, and the only ones, therefore, which can devote three weeks to preparing each play.

Only seven repertory companies retain each production for a fortnight: the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, the Nottingham Playhouse, the Alexandra, Birmingham, the Playhouse, Oxford, and the "reps." at Sheffield, Dundee and Ipswich. The Chesterfield Civic Theatre and the repertory theatres at Windsor and Northampton, though they put on a new play each week, nevertheless contrive to allow a fortnight's rehearsal. These are comparatively large theatres and are sufficiently well attended for the managements to be able to afford to keep two companies. Yet even among the "weekly reps.", working in the trying conditions we have described, may be found some which have hit on some other way out of their special difficulties. The companies at Chorlton, Colchester, Guildford, Leatherhead, Morecambe, Perth, Salisbury and Preston have all managed to keep up a fair standard of performance, sometimes through employing two producers, who do alternate productions. By this means, although the actors have still to rehearse a new play each week, and rehearse it at speed, the producer is able to ensure that valuable time is not wasted. With a week to decide beforehand what he wants and how best to get it, he comes down to the first rehearsal with his own plans complete, and thus has much more time to help the actors with characterisation.

To illustrate the pace of life for an actor in "weekly rep.", here is a typical week's programme. The play being performed this week is *The Linden Tree*, say, and the play to be rehearsed is *Rebecca*.

MONDAY.—10.30. Final word rehearsal of *The Linden Tree*, preferably off-stage, to allow for final "dressing" of set.
7.30. First performance of *The Linden Tree*.

TUESDAY.—Morning off. 1–5.30. First reading of *Rebecca*.
7.30. Performance of *The Linden Tree*.

WEDNESDAY.—10.30–12.45. Rehearse Act I of *Rebecca*.
2.30 and 7.30. Performances of *The Linden Tree*.

THURSDAY.—10.30–1. Rehearse Act II of *Rebecca*.
2.30—5. Act III.
7.30. Performance of *The Linden Tree*.

FRIDAY.—10.30–1. Run through whole of *Rebecca*.
2.30–5. Second run-through of whole play.
7.30. Performance of *The Linden Tree*.

THE FIRST READING OF "WHO GOES THERE!" AT THE WINDSOR REPERTORY THEATRE: Left to right are Geoffrey Tyrrell, Phoebe Kershaw, Malcolm Russell, John Counsell (producer and founder of the Windsor Rep.), Victor Adams, John Dighton (author), Patrick Cargill, Geraldine McEwan and Margaret Wedlake (stage manager). This play, first produced at Windsor in September 1951, was successfully transferred to the West End and gave Geraldine McEwan her first London leading part. John Counsell founded the repertory in 1938, and has had an outstanding success. Productions are for one week, but have two weeks' rehearsal. A high proportion of the sixty new plays done at Windsor have moved to the West End or to New York.

"KING HENRY VI, PART III," AT BIRMINGHAM: The Birmingham Repertory Theatre's famous company had great success with this production both at Birmingham and at the Old Vic last year. This week marks the fortieth anniversary of Sir Barry Jackson's foundation of the repertory. Since 1913 over 400 plays and operas have been produced. Many established West End actors and actresses began their careers at Birmingham, which also has so great a local reputation that it can run its productions for three weeks. The fortieth anniversary play is Miles Malleson's adaptation of Molière's *The Miser*, which will run for a month. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham gave a luncheon at the Council House to express civic appreciation of the work of the company on behalf of the City Council.

On right—

GERALDINE McEWAN, BERYL BAINBRIDGE AND LESLIE PHILLIPS IN THE ORIGINAL WINDSOR PRODUCTION OF "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE": This is yet another new play from the Windsor Repertory Theatre which has been transferred to the West End. It is a current success at the Comedy Theatre.

A WEEKLY REP. AT WORK: Jordan Lawrence, resident producer at the Leatherhead Theatre Club, explains a point in his production of *The Browning Version* to Richard Vernon. Left to right are—Richard Vernon, Lee Fox, Jordan Lawrence, three assistant stage managers—Madeleine Howard, Olwen Rasbridge and Charlotte Edmonds; the stage director, David Rooke; stage manager, Patrick Drysdale; and (foreground) Richard Mayes. Leatherhead Rep. is run in association with the Arts Council. It has not sufficient audience to draw upon to permit the normal productions to run for more than a week, but certain special plays are given two weeks' rehearsal.

REHEARSAL CONFERENCE AT THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE: Sir Barry Jackson (right), Governing Director, briefs members of his company before the dress rehearsal of Jean Anouilh's *Thieves' Carnival*. This was the first British production of the play. Left to right are—Douglas Seale (producer), Lucienne Hill (translator), Eric Jones (musician), John Hotchkis (composer of incidental music), Kenneth Lee (clarinet player), and Sir Barry. Last Sunday, a programme commemorating the 40th anniversary of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre was broadcast on the Midland Region. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Sir Barry Jackson and Sir Laurence Olivier took part.

SATURDAY.—Morning off, if possible. 2.30 and 7.30. Performances of *The Linden Tree*. After the evening performance *The Linden Tree* set is struck, and that for *Rebecca* erected.

SUNDAY.—9. Lighting. 3–10.30 or later. Dress rehearsal of *Rebecca*.

Such is roughly the time-table that must be kept to week after week, and when one remembers that actors have not only to rehearse one play while acting in another, but also somehow to make time in which to learn their words, the full arduousness of the life begins to appear. In some ways, of course, the pace is stimulating. It insists inexorably on the actor's concentration on his work: indeed, it leaves him precious little time for anything else. It teaches him to look for the salient points in the character he is to represent, since these are probably all he will have time to bring out in his performance. It makes him a quick "study" of words. It encourages him to experiment with various ways of differentiating sharply between several parts of the same general type, in order not to appear to be repeating some former performance. Not least, it accustoms him to dealing with the innumerable unexpected mishaps that always lie in wait for an actor on the stage and are most likely to occur when a play is put on in a great hurry and the actors are perhaps not quite sure of their words. Yet, after a certain time the sheer pace of the work is killing. By even doubling the rehearsal time, as in the more fortunate theatres, all the advantages of repertory training are retained, and most of the perils avoided. The actor is still faced with a strenuous succession of different characterisations, but he has at least a little time in which to think about them. The hard work remains, but it is no longer drudgery.

The repertory actor's round of parts which other people have played before him is sometimes happily interrupted by the chance to create a part in a new play. Many ambitious repertory managements do their best to include an occasional new piece in the season's programme, though it is said that repertory audiences, trained to look for the label "West End success," view such experiments with distrust. Certain repertory theatres, at any rate, have established a further reputation for themselves as "try-out" theatres. Birmingham is also the most famous of these, though its last new play to be brought down to London, a translation of M. Anouilh's *Ardele*, was not allowed to make in London the excellent effect it made at Birmingham; but the Bristol Old Vic, from which we drew *Captain Carvallo* and which is soon to contribute another contemporary play to the London stage, is fast acquiring something of the same reputation. Among the "weekly reps." Windsor is particularly notable. Mr. John Dighton's *Who Goes There?* was first performed there, besides other new plays that have found their way on to other stages in the suburbs and the provinces, if not in the West End. *For Better, For Worse*, which has brought success at last to the Comedy Theatre, came from Windsor with Leslie Phillips and Geraldine McEwan in their original parts.

The announcement of a new play at an established repertory theatre often brings down the London managers and critics to see it, and even when the play itself gets no further, those who act it may attract favourable notice and find the long, hard road to London unexpectedly shortened. There is also hope for the ambitious repertory actor in the importance which some London play-producing managements evidently attach to the discovery of new talent. The casting director of one of the most distinguished of these, who has a keen eye for a promising actor or actress, makes it a part of her regular business to go the round of the better repertory theatres, and many of the younger players now being tried out in London in parts of increasing difficulty and opportunity have been brought in direct from repertory.

AN ISOLATED FARM NEAR TIDESWELL, DERBYSHIRE, AFTER A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW: The blocked road to the farm can be seen in the foreground. Over fifty main roads in various parts of England were blocked as a result of the blizzards last week, and only eight counties were not affected by the dislocation of road transport. North-easterly blizzards, approaching hurricane force, caused great havoc in Wensleydale, north Yorkshire, and nearly all roads in the Peak District were blocked. In some places the snowdrifts were 20 ft. deep.

AND NOW THE BLIZZARDS

OVER FIFTY MAIN ROADS BLOCKED BY HEAVY SNOW-FALLS ACCOMPANIED BY WINDS OF HURRICANE FORCE

A CAR BEING DUG OUT AT BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE: Many people who had to abandon their cars during the blizzard found when they returned to the scene the next day that they were buried deep in the drifts.

A CAR ABANDONED IN DERBYSHIRE: Roads in the North Country were so bad that the R.A.C. reported at one stage that there was only one road link open between Yorkshire and south-east Lancashire.

A PASSENGER TRAIN SNOWED-UP ON THE LINE BETWEEN UTTOXETER AND BUXTON: The train ran into a big snowdrift beyond Hindlow and was released only after twelve hours' work by a snow-plough and two heavy locomotives equipped with steam jets and chains. There were about thirty passengers travelling in the train, all bound for the next halt.

RELIEF FOR AN ISOLATED VILLAGE: Mr. Edward Heathcote, porter at Hindlow Station, near Buxton, carrying two sacks of bread, with which he trudged across the snow to villagers at Earl Sterndale, which could not be reached by any delivery van. It was near Hindlow that the Buxton-Uttoxeter train was caught in the drifts.

A SNOW-PLOUGH OPERATING AT SPEED ON THE MANCHESTER TO SHEFFIELD ROAD: Throughout February 11 snow-ploughs battled their way forward through the blizzard, but as fast as they cleared the roads so did the drifts gather again. About twenty-two roads were blocked in North Derbyshire and South Yorkshire and Lancashire, including those radiating from Buxton.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF TIDESWELL, DERBYSHIRE, AFTER IT HAD BEEN CUT OFF BY THE SNOW: Tideswell is in the Peak District and its church is sometimes called the "Cathedral of the Peak." Many villages, farms and hamlets were completely isolated in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, where the snow fell to a depth of about 3 ft.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYMAKING ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

A Sun-drenched, Colourful Coast of Flower-strewn Gardens, Attractive Resorts, and Ancient, Picturesque Fishing Ports

TWO FAMED RESORTS ALONG THE LIGURIAN SHORE: *Left*—Santa Margherita, set among green hills and shady valleys running down to sandy beaches, and odorous with breezes carrying the scent of rose and carnation nurseries, is very easily reached from Genoa. The quality of the pensions varies enormously there, as also do the prices. *Right*—Alassio, with its long, golden strip of beach, which unfortunately is not free to visitors in quite the way that it should be.

OFTEN when the English sky is grey my thoughts turn to the Italian Riviera—to that 200-mile stretch of coast where there is practically everything that the heart of civilised man can desire. For in addition to the sunshine, the flowers and the spectacles afforded by Nature, there is also the appeal to the imagination of history, which more than any other factor evokes memories; and it is by memory that the mind is invigorated and animated.

What memories, indeed, spring to mind, and even as I write these words I can picture the intense blue of the Ligurian sea, the white foam on the beach, the irregular line of coast, with its creeks and bays and amphitheatres of hills, the purple peaks of distant mountains rising into the azure sky, the white and red houses clustering here and there above the shore.

The scene changes: to a terraced hillside, clad with olive-trees, and down below a tiny fishing port nestling at the base of a promontory; while, a mile or two inland, there is one of those curious rock villages, whose houses form a fortress wall in themselves. To-day the whole seaboard is so peaceful, but in the past it was frequently ravished by barbarians and its inhabitants decimated by the Lombards, the Saracens and other invaders.

Then there is Genoa, "The Superb" and the most monumental of all Italian cities; for where else, even in the entire world, is there so imposing a memorial to its greatest days as in the Via Garibaldi, lined with magnificent Palladian palaces? Not even in Rome is there a street to equal it.

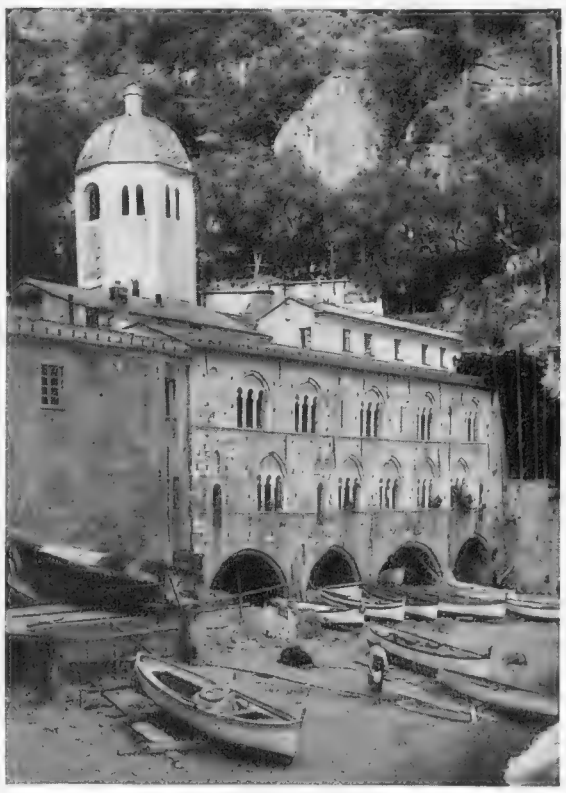
But now let me turn to holiday facts about this coast which stretches from Ventimiglia, close to the French frontier, to Tellaro, not far from the borders of Tuscany. In between these two places are dotted about twenty-five resorts of reasonable importance. Some of them, such as Bordighera, San Remo, Santa Margherita and Rapallo, are world-famous, and for many years they have catered for British visitors with a success that needs no stressing. (Incidentally, San Remo is the only town on the Italian Riviera which possesses a casino offering gambling facilities.) Next in popularity are Diano Marina, Alassio, Finale Ligure, Nervi and Portofino, the first three named being notable for their fine, sandy beaches. Nervi, a veritable sun-trap set in lovely surroundings, offers good rock-bathing and is within easy reach of Genoa; and as this great port is also one of the noisiest of cities—Turin alone competing for the championship in this direction—you might prefer to make Nervi your sleeping headquarters during a visit. As for Portofino, this much-photographed spot has suffered from too much popularity and, owing to the crowds that throng there, it is perhaps not an ideal place to stay in during July and August, the Italian "High Season." At other times it is, however, quite delightful.

To return once again to Genoa. Do not be deterred from visiting this city because of ill-informed advice. It is true that it is quite different to any other city in the country, yet it is intensely Italian, and therefore intensely interesting. Perhaps it was Dickens who first cast a slur on the place, for on his first arrival he described it as being "mournful and disappointing . . . squalid and dirty." But a few months later he changed to being an avowed lover, especially of the city's narrow *vicoli*, in which "you can lose your way (what a comfort that is, when you are idle!) twenty times a day, if you like; and turn up again under the most unexpected and surprising difficulties."

Getting lost is, in fact, a joy in Genoa, for life is never dull or uninteresting in her labyrinth of streets and *vicos*, and her unexpected *piazze*. Every step, too, brings some memory of the palmy, picturesque days of the luxurious, proud, quarrelsome old Republic. I think this sense of a magnificent past is nowhere more felt than in the tiny Piazza S. Matteo, where the beautiful houses of the Doria family and the Church of S. Matteo form not only a harmonious but also a stimulating picture. Perhaps I am a little biased, however, for the story of the Dorias, and especially that of Admiral Andrea Doria, the "Father of his People," has long fascinated me.

Whatever else I do in Genoa, there are always two places I must visit: the Trattoria Angela, on the waterfront (Via Gramsci), where you can enjoy the best of Genoese cooking amidst a typical environment and at a reasonable cost; and the curious Staglieno Cemetery (easily reached by tram), for here you will see the most amazing display of memorial tombs in Europe. On every side the male departed is paramount, someone to whom the costliest, and often a rather vulgar, monument is due.

There is not much I can say about popular seaside resorts, for they all vie with each other in providing bigger and better sporting and social events. Except possibly in San Remo, there is not, however, the kind of sophisticated atmosphere you find in the main resorts of the French Riviera. At the same time there are often local traditional events of considerable interest, such as the celebration of St. George's Day at Portofino, the procession and ceremonies at Savona on the occasion of Corpus Christi Day, and the Festival of the White Madonna at Portovenere in mid-August, when a medieval pageant is performed.



THE CHURCH OF SAN FRUTTUOSO, IN THE VICINITY OF PORTOFINO: The church is prettily situated on a bay between steep rocks and contains the tombs of members of the Doria family. There are dozens of quiet coves and inlets in this part of the Ligurian Riviera, which offers simpler pleasures for the holidaymaker than the renowned Santa Margherita.

For visitors to the Riviera di Ponente (Western Riviera) there is considerable appeal in the hinterland. Here the countryside is dotted with a number of curious rock villages, each one of which has its own special characteristics. Take Pigna, for instance, which lies some ten miles inland from San Remo or Bordighera, and is generally considered the most extraordinary of the rock villages. Its main street, with its houses frequently linked together by arches, resembles a tunnel. As the houses are built of almost black stone, the darkness of the thoroughfare is intensified. The cave-like rooms on the ground-floor are used as stables, with a resulting odour. Winding up the hillside, the steep main street leads to the Pizza Umberto I, near which is the fifteenth-century church of San Michele. It contains a magnificent work of art, an elaborate painting on wood, by Giovanni Canavesio of Pinerolo. This little town (inn accommodation) is also a good centre for flower-lovers—primroses and hepaticas, laburnum, fritillaries, peonies, scarlet Turk's Cap lilies, columbines, gentians, eidelweiss, and many rare ferns.

Farther east, not far from Alassio, is Albenga, the most interesting of all towns in Liguria. Once the capital of the chief Ligurian tribe, the Ingauni, it became in due course an important city under Roman rule. A fifth-century baptistery is the chief remaining monument of this era. But what gives the place its greatest fascination are its towers, eleven in number and recalling to mind those of Bologna, although they are considerably lower in height. The town is an artistic delight of the first water, and there is much to appeal to the historically-minded. Do not fail, too, to make the mile-and-a-half journey to the Church of San Giorgio di Campochiesa, where you can see remnants of fine medieval frescoes.

Along the Riviera di Levante (Eastern Riviera), I must restrict myself to the Gulf of Spezia, often called the "Gulf of the Poets," for its charms have been praised by Dante, Shelley, Byron and others. Here my own favourite spot is Portovenere, the *Portus Veneris* of the Romans, which stands in a magnificent position on the western side of the gulf. This typical Ligurian village, a former pirates' hide-out and boasting superb maritime traditions, is an ideal place in which to laze. Anyhow, it has everything I want for a perfect holiday: a view across the Gulf of Spezia, which is unexcelled; a small harbour in which are brightly-painted boats in a riot of light and shade and colour; a most comfortable inn (Locanda S. Pietro), with the best of food and wine; narrow streets and steep alleyways with stairways; rows of tall, irregular, weather-beaten houses; a ruined castle.

You can bathe in a pool where, according to a tablet, Byron, that "daring swimmer braved the Ligurian waves" and landed here when he swam across the bay from Lerici. This, however, is possibly mere legend. You could make excursions on foot, or by boat, to the *Cinque Terre*, five villages noted for their wines and isolated from each other by lofty cliffs. And, of an evening, you might even care to attend a meeting at the local Anarchists' Club. Not least of Portovenere's charms is that no wheeled traffic is permitted to enter through its battlemented entrance-gate, which bears the inscription "Colonia Januensium." Small wonder, indeed, that Petrarch sang the praises of this fishing port in his verses, imagining Venus and Pallas strolling through its olive groves, both forgetful about their native shores.

Gordon Cooper

COMMEMORATING THE VICTIMS OF THE IRISH SEA DISASTER

Open-Air Services are Held in Northern Ireland in Memory of Those Who Lost Their Lives in the Sinking of the Larne-Stranraer Ferry, *Princess Victoria*

AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE AT DONAGHADEE, CO. DOWN, WHERE SURVIVORS WERE LANDED FROM THE FERRY, "PRINCESS VICTORIA," WHICH FOUNDERED IN A GREAT STORM FOUR MILES EAST OF THE COPELAND ISLANDS: This service held on the pier was conducted from the rear of an ambulance by the Rector of Donaghadee, the Rev. T. Martin. During the service wreaths were placed in the water. Altogether 128 men, women and children lost their lives in the ferry-boat tragedy which was the prelude to the great flood havoc of the following day. In Belfast a memorial service was held in the Cathedral, at which the Governor was present.

On right—
THE PORTPATRICK LIFEBOAT PREPARES TO RETURN TO HER BASE: The lifeboat had put into Donaghadee with survivors from the ferry boat.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN PROGRESS AT THE RAILWAY STATION AT LARNE HARBOUR, CO. ANTRIM: Part of the large congregation and, *inset on right*, some of the officials who took part in the service and who cast wreaths into the water. They are the Mayor of Larne, Alderman C. Ross; Mr. Hugh Nelson, the cox of the Donaghadee lifeboat; Treasurer J. E. Budge, representing the people of Stranraer, from where the *Princess Victoria* started on her fatal journey; the Rev. J. W. McGeagh and Senator A. F. Dobbs, representing her Majesty's Lieutenant for County Antrim.

THE A.A. WAS THERE: *Patrols of the Automobile Association Assist the Police in Saving Life and Property in the Flooded Districts on the East Coast*

PATROLMEN OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION GO TO THE AID OF MOTORISTS IN THE FLOODED AREAS OF THE EAST COAST: *Left*—A patrolman directing traffic on the flooded main road of Canvey Island, Essex, along which all relief vehicles had to pass during the initial rescue work on the island. *Right*—A member of the Association receives assistance on the road at Haddiscoe, Norfolk, close to the break in the Haddiscoe Bank. Throughout the flooded areas the men of the A.A. went about their task of assisting motorists in addition to taking part in rescue operations.

AN A.A. MOBILE INFORMATION CENTRE: A patrolman is seen using the radio telephone while stationed alongside a mobile office. The technical van is used by an engineer, who gives motorists advice on the conditions of their cars.

THREE OPERATIONS—ONE ON CANVEY ISLAND, ONE AT MABLETHORPE AND THE OTHER AT SUTTON-ON-SEA: ***Left*—A patrolman speaks from a radio-controlled breakdown service van, and gives details of road conditions to the A.A. headquarters in London. *Centre*—This sign was erected in the Mablethorpe area at the request of the police. *Right*—A road service van passing through a newly-dug channel of sand washed up by the heavy seas when going to the rescue of stranded cars.**

The Automobile Association, renowned for its work of assisting motorists on the roads of Britain, played a prominent part in the early stages of the recent flood disaster when nearly 200 patrols working in the various coastal districts stretching from Yorkshire to Kent, where the sea had broken through, went about warning residents of the floods, rescuing people and animals and generally helping the police in the saving of life and property. The bulk of this work was undertaken by the patrolmen on their own initiative. Many of the men acquired small rowing-boats, while some made improvised rafts, and others waded through the water waist-high to release people from the upper rooms of their homes. On Canvey Island, Inspector Coy and Patrol Dennison set out in a dinghy to inspect a bungalow which was completely cut off, and around which the water was swirling many feet deep. After repeatedly rowing the boat against the door of the bungalow they managed to break it down and inside the men found an old lady aged over seventy standing on a dresser.

Meanwhile other men were engaged in maintaining road communications. Scores of signs were erected to divert traffic round flooded areas and to keep unauthorised people from entering the stricken districts. A.A. telephone boxes were manned to ensure communications; information centres were established at local garages, and mobile offices were opened up to answer inquiries from motorists about abandoned motor vehicles. On Canvey, where practically the whole of the telephone system went out of action, some of the new A.A. radio-equipped patrols went into action in order to keep the island in touch with the mainland.

After a lengthy survey, Patrol Superintendent Thurmer managed to find a through route to the Tilbury Ferry and Docks when all approaches were thought to be impassable. It was immediately signposted to enable traffic to get through. In many cases the police engaged in rescue work handed over the whole of the traffic control in the district to the A.A. men, who also undertook the task of clearing the roads of debris.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

DISRAELI'S NOVELS ANALYSED

Muriel Masefield in "Peacocks and Primroses" Examines the Works of the Great Statesman with a Flair for Fiction

"AN author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children," said Disraeli once, and except with Queen Victoria, whom he called the head of the literary profession, we do not know that he had many discussions on the subject of his own novels. PEACOCKS AND PRIMROSES (Geoffrey Bles. 21s.), however, is an excellent survey of Disraeli's novels, which are now so seldom remembered, but which would, for all their *longueurs* and hyperbole, still provide much entertainment. They also provide, of course, a quite remarkable picture of the Victorian age, both in high Society and in high political circles.

Muriel Masefield has made the closest study of the books; a task for which one must have a taste as well as application, and the resulting study, both of his developing literary style and his developing importance in the London scene, gives as clear an impression of him as of Victoriana in general. Disraeli's novels were largely autobiographical, and so it is impossible to separate the man and the author, or to fail to identify the characters of fiction with the friends of real life. I found the book quite fascinating and a first-rate introduction to *Sybil*, *Coningsby*, and the rest for those who have not yet tackled their baroque splendours.

THEY CAME TO LONDON WITH THEIR HARPS: These teen-age harpists are seen playing at the Café Royal, Regent Street, at the start of their tour of cities in the United Kingdom, the tour being planned to draw attention to the great Irish Spring Festival, An Tostal. Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Cardiff, Bristol and Portsmouth are included in their tour.

LAWNSWOOD CHRONICLES (Dent. 16s.) is one of those satisfying books to read if you are a town-dweller, because it brings you the smell and feel and sound of the real country, and equally satisfying if you yourself are truly rural, because then you can endorse or contradict the author's findings to your heart's content. Mr. David Gunston says that about two years ago he and his wife found the kind of cottage they wanted, in a little-known part of Hampshire, commanding a happy view and having a garden which at least has challenging possibilities. He and his wife settled in, and this amiably discursive book is the record of some of the events and reflections that have come along in these past months.

Mr. Gunston, incidentally, was by no means a guileless townee when he arrived among the Hampshire fields, but already had a store of botanical and other nature lore, so that you will not find any chapters devoted, with engaging artlessness, to beginner's luck. What you will find are page after page and chapter after chapter of sound advice on such projects as growing little Alpine plants from seed, or setting rat-traps, or stopping the depredations of *Rattus rattus* and *Pica pica*. On less practical matters, Mr. Gunston expresses himself with equal felicity, and I particularly liked (and agreed with) his passage in praise of the badger, "sturdy, courageous, humble, doughty, much misunderstood creature." Altogether a very pleasant and instructive medley of a book.

FACING MOUNT KENYA (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is a reprint of a book on the tribal life of the Kikuyu, which was first published fifteen years ago and written by Jomo Kenyatta. The author deals with the origin of the tribe, its economic life and system of land tenure, its education and government forms, and, at some length, its sexual, religious and magical practices.

Once again there is a magnificent diversity in the settings of this week's novels, which range from Australia to the Welsh border, and from Berlin to the vineyards of Burgundy or the grey-green shores of Galway. Scotland, too, is represented with a further volume in Mr. James Barke's series of novels, designed to re-create the life of Robert Burns. THE CREST OF THE BROKEN WAVE (Collins. 12s. 6d.)—and, incidentally, what admirable titles Mr. Barke has chosen for these novels of the poet's life and loves—takes the story a step farther, to the bleak farmstead not far from Dumfries. Here Burns was working bitterly hard to make a living for his wife and children, knowing himself to have gained some reputation as a poet and a writer of songs, but knowing, too, that it was not a fame that could feed him and his.

Mr. Barke writes with a real mastery of his subject, his language and his habit of mind and mood. But who ever said that the Scots were a dour lot? In this volume at least Rab and his friends scarcely stop talking to draw breath.

UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is one of those quiet little novels which on reflection, and, indeed, on re-reading, convince one that they are neither small nor modest in scope, but stories with a very definite impact, and a very individual style. Miss Elizabeth Berridge is a writer whose work it has been an active pleasure to follow in the past few years, as it has developed in vitality and improved in range. Her short stories were always worth reading, but now her novels are beginning to show that her talent has matured.

The scene of the present novel is a village on the Welsh border, an unexceptional place in which the congregations are divided between church and chapel, and the most dramatic questions are whether the plantations of young trees on the hillsides will burn down in the summer heat, or the lower cottages flood during the winter. There are outings to the distant sea, tea-parties and harvest festivals, and there are at least four beautiful pieces of character drawing.

THE JOYFUL CONDEMNED (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is written in as different a mood as possible and is still none the worse for that. In fact, variety being the leaven it is, the two books actually enhance each other's qualities. Miss Kylie Tennant writes with quite electric vigour of a very seamy side of Sydney during the war and makes it all as readable as it is unethical, and so lively that the sordid, if not ignored, is at least skipped. Miss Tennant never heard of sentimentality, and I doubt whether she takes a particularly favourable view of subtlety, but she can write like a blue streak, make people come alive in her pages, and transport her reader to scene after scene that she describes, and for once in a breathless way, that is quite good enough for me.

Your enjoyment of FOUR CITY DAYS (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) will depend largely on how you feel about decomposing corpses as literary devices, for a great part of Mr. Robert Travers' ingenious novel is concerned with just such a thing. Speaking for myself, I had to put the book down at page 71 and take a short stroll in the fresh air, and that is exactly true. But for those who can reach a greater degree of detachment there is something to find in this novel, and that is the trace of a new writer whose work will be none the worse for being less insistently gruesome.

Young Miss Ursula Keir knew the Beaujolais vineyards when she was even younger, in fact, a schoolgirl, and she writes about them in THE VINTAGE (Collins. 10s. 6d.) with a competence and a flair that belong to the born novelist. Anyone who has helped in a *vendange*, or even observed this form of grape harvest, which is more hard-working than bacchanalian, but a little of each, will enjoy the book, and those who do not yet know these professional mysteries will learn of them here in an easy and agreeable way.

ASPHALT AND DESIRE (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is the story of five days in the life of a girl who has just graduated from Hunter College, New York, and who has decided that she has got life taped: her objectives, a job and a man. Mr. Frederic Morton writes with tremendous confidence and with a way of pushing words around that is only irritating at first. In the end it becomes positively endearing, and so does his over-articulate heroine.

Mr. A. J. Evans was head of the Search Bureau in Berlin in 1946, so that when he places a story in that time and place it is to be presumed that he knows his background better than most. THE HOUSE OF ANNA (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is an adventure story in a tough if chatty manner, a thriller that is outside the formal pattern.

DEATH AT CRANE'S COURT (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), on the other hand, has many of the traditional gambits and still succeeds in being a very good detective story indeed. I would like to give this book of Eilis Dillon's at least a two-star recommendation, and an extra pat on the back (or cover) for being so extremely bright without being facetious.

Mr. Reginald Reynolds writes of BEDS (Andre Deutsch. 15s.), "with many noteworthy instances of lying on, under or about them," and his book is as wildly discursive, erudite and amusing as either his book on *Beards* or on *Cleanliness and Godliness*. Beds through the ages are discussed with a superabundance of reference, detail and quotation, beds low, as in America, where Mr. Reynolds supposes that sawn-off bed legs are as common as sawn-off shotguns, beds high, as that of the gentleman who had his built close up to the ceiling so that he could watch the deer at 4 a.m. in Richmond Park, twin beds, Egyptian beds or the lack of them, Eskimo's beds, Irish beds, Quaker beds and scores more. For the persevering, there is a great deal of fun to be gleaned from these closely-filled pages, and from the results of Mr. Reynold's incredible industry in research. It is reasonable to suppose that the writer, who demonstrably knows a good bed when he sees one, wrote a great part of this volume in his own.

WHEN CUSTINE WENT TO RUSSIA

A Frustrated Traveller of a Hundred Years Ago

What a strange pretence is this in which the writings of a traveller who visited Russia in 1839 are now marshalled for our entertainment and enlightenment, and apparently with the express object of showing that the Russia of the Czars is also the Russia of Lenin and Stalin. That traveller was the Marquis de Custine, and in JOURNEY FOR OUR TIME (Arthur Barker. 16s.), Phyllis Penn Kohler, who has tackled the task of translation with almost missionary zeal, presents a series of extracts from his journals, while General Bedell Smith, former U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, writes an introduction in which he too emphasizes how Custine's observations are as revealing with respect to Russia's present despotic regime as they were to the despotism of Czar Nicholas I. Let it be admitted that the book reveals some truly remarkable parallels, but surely author and introducer are straining too hard amid the raw materials of history. Custine is himself of the greatest interest as a writer, traveller and observer, and his forebodings about the Russian way of life in the middle years of the nineteenth century, of the sense of repression in the Court of St. Petersburg, are well conveyed in these journals; also the utter frustration of ever trying to see anything in Russia without the encumbrance of a high-level escort. "Thus they tyrannise over you under the pretext of honouring you," writes the exasperated visitor. The feelings of the Marquis can be well understood, and somehow or other this escorted tour of his journals—for that is what Miss Penn Kohler seems to have achieved—leaves one in rather the same state of mind.

Exactly a century ago Sir Richard Burton, a British Army officer, disguised as an Afghan pilgrim, made his celebrated journey to Mecca and Medina, a prelude to other and even more breath-taking adventures in a career spent presumably in the Consular Service but in actuality in surveying the remote places of the world at very close quarters. Burton's discovery of Lake Tanganyika in 1858, his mission to Dahomé in 1864, his crossing and recrossing of the Andes, his 1,500-mile voyage down the San Francisco River, in Brazil, and his voyages up the La Plata and the Amazon were all high-lights in this astonishing career which Seton Dearden has described in his very excellent biography, THE ARABIAN KNIGHT (Arthur Barker. 16s.). The book was first published in 1936, and this new edition, published on the anniversary of the Mecca journey, has been carefully revised by the author, who as a member of Her Majesty's Foreign Service, has spent ten years in the East among the scenes and people with whom Burton passed much of his life.

Adventure has come to Colonel Spencer Chapman with almost the same regularity that it befell Sir Richard Burton, and aptly enough, he calls his latest book, LIVING DANGEROUSLY (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.). Based on Colonel Spencer Chapman's popular broadcast talks, this new volume covers such exciting episodes as kayak voyages in icy Greenland waters, being caught by a blizzard on a Himalayan peak, or taking the road to Lhasa, as much as ever the forbidden city of Asia. This is a grand book, and some of its profits will go in a grand cause—the Outward Bound Trust, whose monthly courses give boys from all walks of life an opportunity of training, through the sea, mountains or other natural elements, as a means of developing their own capacity to face hazards.

BLIND WHITE FISH IN PERSIA (George Allen and Unwin. 16s.) is another aptly-titled adventure book, because it was in search of these creatures that the author, Anthony Smith, and three other Oxford undergraduates journeyed in a second-hand lorry into remote areas of South Persia. Their researches amid the underground water channels which form the extraordinary Persian *qanat* system were both difficult and dangerous, but readers will be no less fascinated by the mass of amusing and accurate information the author provides upon the life and manners of the people.

Charlie Rose, at eighty-three years of age Britain's oldest active boxing writer, for many years one of the most successful boxing managers, having handled such champions as Kid Lewis and Len Harvey, has a grand tale to tell in LIFE 'S A KNOCK-OUT (Hutchinson's. 15s.). There is one chapter on the life and death of Battling Siki which throws light on the notorious fight in Paris in which Carpentier was overwhelmed by the arrogant Senegambian through his own folly in prolonging the fight because of the film takings. Not all Mr. Rose's stories are about boxers, and some of his anecdotes of life in the Australian gold rush are among the best things in a very racy book. How he made £3,000 a few minutes after pegging-out a Coolgardie claim, having ridden across country by bicycle on a moonlight night to stake that claim, indicates just how easily easy money could be in the great outback in the fabulous days of the trail of '93

The latest Regional Book is Aubrey de Selincourt's THE CHANNEL SHORE (Robert Hale. 18s.), in which he covers the coastline from Dover to Land's End. Needless to say, seafaring life is his main theme, and the age-long conflict between sea and shore—so much in the forefront of our minds in these days of flood—finds a place in almost every chapter. The photographs are a delight.

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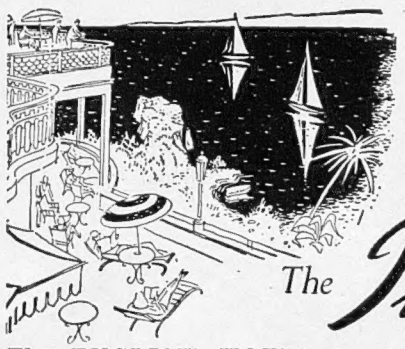

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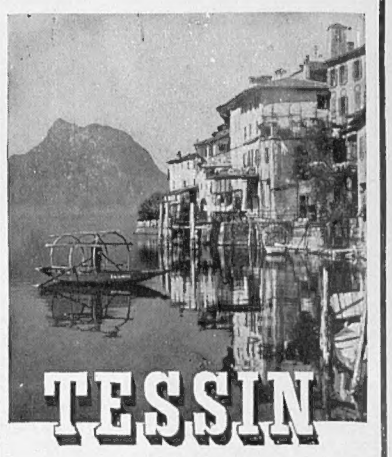

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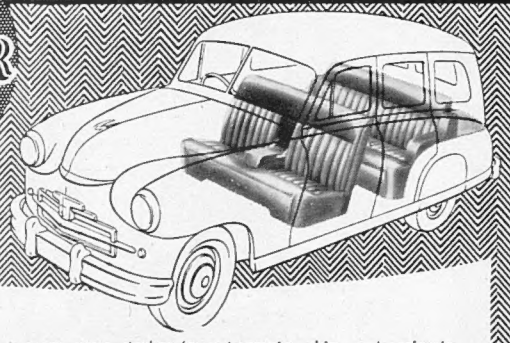

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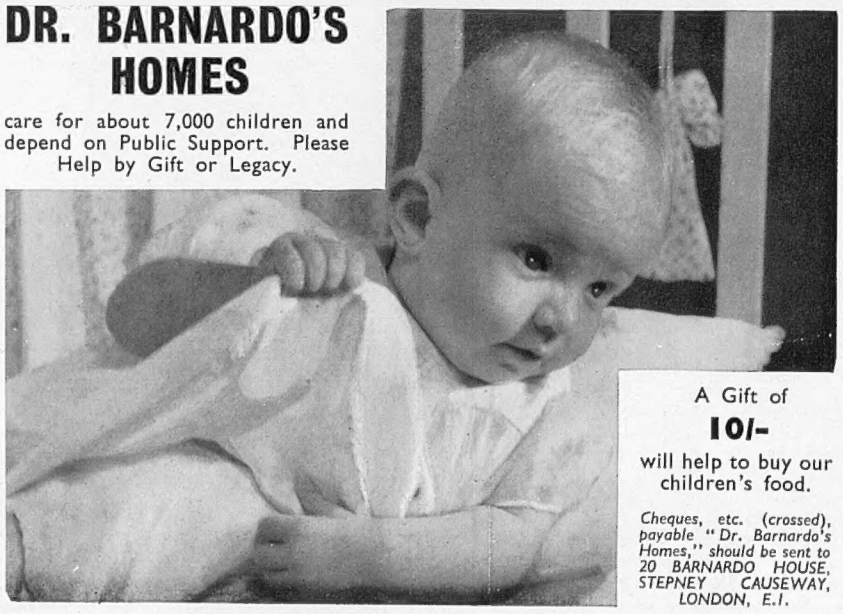

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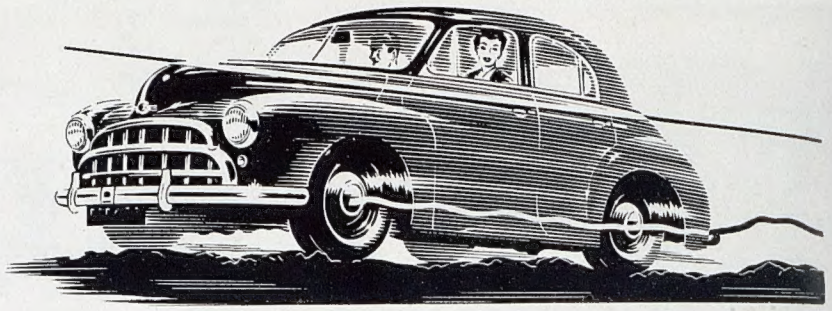

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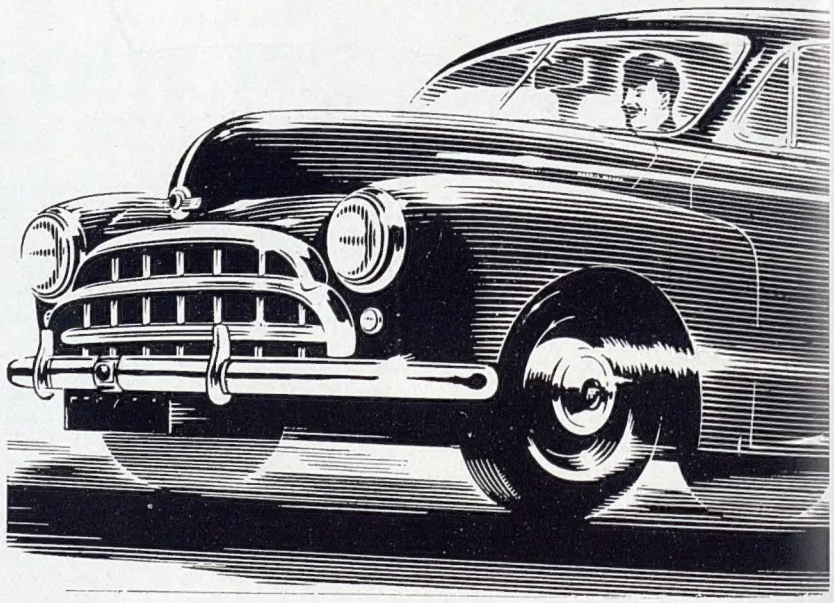

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1953. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.